TRY IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 70. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 5TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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10,000 TABLETS TO BE DISTRIBUTED FREE TO READERS OF THE "MODERN MAN."

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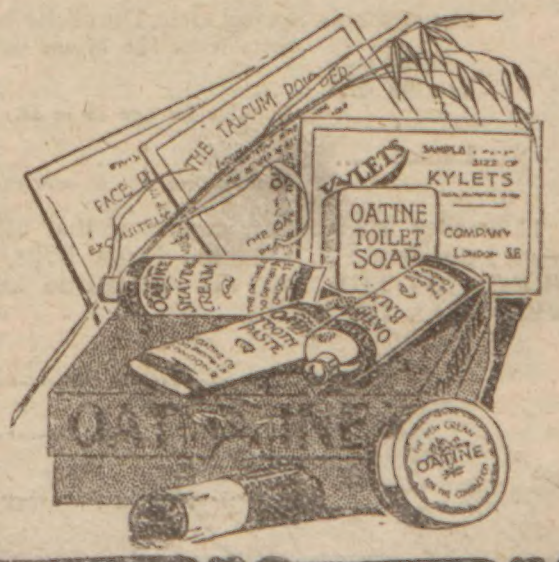
"The Modern Man." 79.



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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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FLY-FLATS.

AN UNPLEASANT SPECIES.

He is usually a fool, the fly-flat who would like be a knave, but has neither the pluck nor the elligence.

A disgusting conceit and an equally revolting aicism are among his chief characteristics. He so very clever—in his own estimation. "Do u see any green in my eye, old man?" and Ever catch a weasel asleep?" are among his vourite expressions.

I remember old John Brinsmead, the pianoforte-aker, once telling me that he had been "let in" ore than once, but, he added, "I would rather ake the mistake of trusting a rogue than that of strusting an honest man."

Not so the fly-flat; he distrusts everybody.

He is convinced that everybody wants to "get him," and yet, for all his precautions, he is often got at." Indeed, the average sharper would ther have a fly-flat to pluck than a genuine pigeon." The latter has some native shrewdness, r all his simplicity, and is apt to take sudden rm, but the former thinks he can beat the gue at his own game.

"These fellows know that I am no fool," he inks to himself, "and they would never dare to y it on me." Or he thinks to see the snare at has been laid for him, and carefully walks und it into the real trap.

As a boy, the fly-flat is usually spoilt, often a dow's only son, and on coming of age he drifts to shady company, partly because he is consti-tionally incapable of running straight, partly ecause decent sportsmen won't have him at any ice. His shady associates tolerate him while s money lasts, but even they can't stand him, for has neither pluck nor brains.

And so he becomes a fly-flat. He has seen a tle, a very little, of life, and he misapplies what anty experience he has gained.

He is for ever discovering mares' nests of squery. He is the sort of irritating fool who tells u that Cup-tie draws (I mean drawn matches) e arranged, that Archie MacLaren was squared allow the Australians to beat us, that His ajesty the King was allowed to win his last erby.

In games he is ever on the look-out to snatch me mean advantage, and anyone who beats him a sharper in disguise—except when he runs up ainst the real sharper, when his defeat is tributed to bad luck.

His own attempts at sharping are pitiable, such would not deceive a child; but in his knowing-ss he flatters himself that they go undetected.

The fly-flat is chiefly distinguished by his sus-iciousness, his inability to believe in truth, nour, or human kindness.

He is a poor, unhappy creature, and deserves e frequent "shinnings" of which he is the ctim.

G. BARKER.

CHEEK.

The "Week End" tells us that those who think come to grief. Now we begin to understand the popularity of that pretty phrase "I *don't* think!"

* * *

A contemporary describes Judge Parry as a judicial humorist. Some people have been known to declare that, though judicial, his humour is hardly judicious.

* * *

Dear old Mrs. Footler read a remark by Mr. James Douglas to the effect that the beasts of the field cannot lie. "Oh, he's quite wrong!" she observed. "Take cows, for instance. You hardly ever see the lazy things standing up!"

* * *

SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE!

["The Boy Scouts, the cricketers, and the football teams might settle the next Election between them."—MR. ARNOLD WHITE.]

When sounds the next Election's trump,
Voters to rouse of ev'ry school,
Who'll be the man best fit to "stump"?
The flannelled fool.

When ev'ry contumacious soul
Prates of the "big and little loaf,"
Who'll lead the way to vict'ry's goal?
The muddied oaf.

And when the hymn of conquest rolls,
Drowning the losers' groans and shouts,
Who are the lads who'll "hold the 'polls'"?
The smart Boy Scouts!

* * *

"Teeth Extracted From a Shilling" is a dentist's proud boast in an advertisement. With a sagacity worthy of Sherlock Holmes we assert that somebody had been applying the biting test to that shilling.

* * *

"Marriage Tangle" reads a newspaper headline. Evidently the knot had not been well tied.

* * *

A well-known beef extract firm suggest that they get every ounce of beef from their own cattle, "which no other British fluid beef can say." It is doubtful whether the beef extract in question can say it, either, though, of course, its makers can.

* * *

"Love," says a new song, "makes the whole world June." Quite so; but it takes money to make it March.

* * *

"Revolting Trades Unionists," reads a newspaper headline. Ardent Anti-Socialists cordially agree.

* * *

"£1,500 Bail," read out our club wicket-keeper from a paper the other day. "By Jove!" he commented, "wouldn't I just like to remove it!"

* * *

"Posers for Peers" is a headline in a Radical newspaper. But the cruel Radicals have always made out that all the Peers are posers themselves.

J. S. COX.

SPORT WITH HOMERS.

A CHEAP AND INTERESTING PASTIME.

For the man who wants a hobby, pigeon-flying makes a cheap and fascinating one. It does not need, at the outset, a large expenditure of money, and a man may become an expert, and still remain outside of what, I may call, the official pigeon-racing circle.

In this sport it is not a case of "first catch your pigeons." You must first provide a loft. This should not be difficult or expensive. One of the best pigeon-lofts imaginable is the garret at the top of the house. This can be fitted up without expense by any man who has the least idea of what is necessary, and who is not an absolute dunderhead with hammer and nails and light match-boarding.

An outhouse or loft can as easily be fitted up, and none of these places should be beyond the reach of many a man, especially those connected with country occupations or those living in small towns.

The best way is, of course, to breed the birds in the loft in which they will afterwards live, and to which they will make their flights. They get a greater sense of home from the neighbourhood of their birthplace than from a loft to which they have been introduced at a later stage. First impressions are strongest.

Flying can be carried out on almost any ordinary day, though the results are not so encouraging in blustering, stormy, or wet weather, or in snow. The race can be carried out very easily with the aid of a bicycle.

It is not necessary to go in for elaborate cages or to spend great sums on railway carriage rates, as is done in the professional ranks.

A small cage that can be fixed securely on the metal-frame carrier that can be fastened over the back wheel, is sufficient.

The journeys in the beginning are not long, and birds will travel well in this way for several miles without suffering. Arrived at the starting point, you take careful note of the exact moment at which they are liberated. The co-operation of a friend at the homing end of the journey can generally be enlisted to make equally careful note of the time of each bird's arrival.

By carefully comparing each bird's record, you can pit one against the other in an infinite number of handicaps, and you will begin to take the keenest interest in each bird's individual performance. Keep records of them all, and their progress will become a source of great pleasure.

And finally, when you have made some progress in the art, you can fly your own birds against the friends whom you will assuredly come across, and who are as keenly interested as you are. Thus you will find that your neighbourhood becomes a centre of the sport, and, if you desire to do so, you can plunge into wider fields and compete for great prizes among the foremost people of the pigeon-racing world.

N. POOLE.

FOOTBALL & BETTING

IS THE GAME BEING UNDERMINED?

The love of betting, and the hope of getting something for nothing, is ingrained in the human race—perhaps in the Englishman more than in any other.

There is a story of a sailor who was prepared to bet on anything under the sun—he would lay odds on the exact day on which his ship reached port, on the next day's weather, on the number of miles covered in the day's run. And when the boiler burst, as he sailed skywards with one of his mates, he offered him ten to one that he would go highest.

There is more in that little satire than one might think. That sailor is typical of a certain section of the British Public.

No amount of legislation will stamp out betting altogether, and it is doubtful whether it is desirable that it should.

THE DIFFERENCE.

But it is not the man who occasionally risks what he can well afford to lose, who brings betting into ill repute, it is the fool who lays or takes odds that are hopelessly beyond his reach. The average working man's wages do not admit of more than an occasional sixpence or shilling on the team that he fancies, instead of which he is more often tempted by the football bookie to speculate half-crowns, or even half-sovereigns.

In many a football crowd you will find an innocent-looking man who seems to be a centre of attraction. Perhaps he is whispering odds to those around him, or, maybe, he is apparently keenly interested in the game, while one hand behind his back receives from time to time a mysterious bit of paper.

The football bookmaker has to carry on his trade in secret, for the Association makes every effort to put down betting inside the grounds.

A SURER THING.

There is not so much uncertainty about football as about horse-racing, and it is possible for the speculator to know something about the team that carries his money. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that the game has greater attractions for many betting men, especially of the working classes, whose knowledge of the Turf could only be derived from newspapers.

Many great firms prohibit sweepstakes among their hands, but there is always some enterprising person who is ready to organise one which need never come to the ears of the authorities inside the works.

But the game itself is not greatly affected by the betting that is bound to go on in spite of the most stringent regulations. The number of players who bet either for or against their own side is small indeed. The fear of suspension is sufficient to prevent them, and the Association has a hold on them that it can never have on the crowd.

As soon as the game itself is undermined, and the players are affected, it's doom will be assured. But until that time there is little to fear from the betting evil, which is still confined to a minority of the vast crowds that watch a Cup-tie.

A BAD SIGN.

There is bad sign, however, to be found in the way a club will sometimes forego the advantage of playing on its own ground in order to obtain a larger "gate." It is not always a case of small clubs preferring to play on the larger and more suitable grounds of their rivals, but often the advantage of the ground is deliberately sacrificed to considerations of money.

The advantage is a legitimate one, which should be taken in the interests of sport, for the winning of the game should be the first consideration.

It is this spirit, rather than the casual betting of onlookers that constitutes the real menace to football as a sport.

R. Burnet.

SPILLS AND SPILL-MAKING.

What do you do with your old newspapers when you have done with them? Probably chuck them into a corner of your room so that the landlady can clear them up and take them away next day.

But why don't you turn them to a useful account, and make spills of them? We all know how useful spills are at those uncomfortable times when we find that we have no matches. It is a strange fact that few men know how to make a spill properly. Most men take a strip of paper, twist it roughly round and round, and then curse because it either won't burn or burns so quickly as to scorch their fingers. This is the right way to make a spill:

Take a strip of paper, about twelve inches long and three wide, fold it over about six times, and then twist over one end in the shape of a crook. Make about a dozen of these; put them in a vase on your mantelpiece, and you will often find them come in very handy.

A USEFUL DRESSING HINT.

There is nothing more annoying when one is dressing in a hurry than to find that the stud-holes in one's shirts are too big for the stud, which slips out as soon as one has got one's tie fixed

In such a case one shouts despairingly for one's landlady, or some merciful feminine soul who will sew up the holes for one, but how often it happens that when one most wants them, those good Samaritans are nowhere at hand.

Here is a useful tip to put into practice when the stud slips out of its hole. Take a piece of thin cardboard, or cut a piece from the end of a cork, so that it is of about the thickness and diameter of a shilling. Then, with some sharp instrument, make a hole in the cardboard or cork disc, slip the stud through, and use it in the ordinary way.

THE ALL-REVEALING CARD TABLE.

"! * ! ! ! * * * * ! ! ! A Revoke!"

With starting eyeballs, and cheeks crimson with rage, your partner at the whist-table hurls his cards down and swears he won't play any more. However equable-natured he may appear in the ordinary way, there is no denying now that he is an intensely bad-tempered person. The card-table is a ruthless revealer of characters.

Seated round it, we recognise at once the man who rejoices in another's discomfiture, and who shouts with glee every time he takes a trick. The "brainy" player, again, can't conceal from us the fact that he thinks he possesses more knowledge of the game than all the rest of us put together.

That objectionable person, the "bad loser," is unmasked at the card-table; and sometimes we come across the very welcome player who is always smiling, and doesn't seem to care whether he wins or loses provided he gets a good game.

PATRONYMIC PITFALLS.

SOME PECULIARLY PRONOUNCED SURNAMES.

Nothing is more annoying or makes you feel smaller than to mispronounce a person's name, and your discomfiture is, if possible, increased when some bounder in the company—for he is a bounder—seizes the first opportunity, though saying nothing at the time, of carefully pronouncing the name as it should be pronounced, thus calling renewed attention to your blunder and putting you to shame.

I say that the man who corrects you in this way is a bounder, for a gentleman having occasion to repeat the name you had made a hash of would deliberately copy your mistake.

Patronymics are full of pitfalls in the way of peculiar and arbitrary pronunciation, but in some cases there is small excuse for error. For example, most people know by this time that Cholmondeley is pronounced as "Chumly," Mainwaring as "Mannering," Leveson-Gower becomes "Luson-Gore," Cadogan "Cadug'gan," and Marjoribanks "Marshbanks," though many people persist in miscalling the last-named "March-banks."

On the other hand, there are some peculiarly pronounced proper names that the average man cannot reasonably be expected to know, for they are names unfamiliar to the public.

Thus, Alveston is pronounced "Awson," but how the dickens could you be expected to know that, or that Archdall is properly "Archdale," Conisborough "Cunsbro," Claverhouse "Clav'," verse," Alnemouth "Alemouth," Worksop "Worse-up," Leominster "Lemster," or Ingestre "Ingestry"?

There are, however, apart from the "historic" examples first given many fairly well-known or common proper names which people habitually and inexcusably mispronounce.

For example, lots of people will speak of Aitchison as "Atchison," whereas "Aytchĕsŏn" is correct. Then you should know that Bethune becomes "Beetŏn," Cockburn "Co'burn," and Hepburn "Heb'burn."

Magdalen College, Oxford, and Caius College, Cambridge, are, of course, respectively "Maudlin" and "Keys," and you will show your ignorance if you fail to speak of Christ Church, Oxford, as the "the House," though that hardly comes under the heading of a peculiarly pronounced proper name.

Lots of people address Mr. William Le Queux, the popular novelist, as if he were a relative of the "Gay Lord Quex," whereas he is properly addressed as "Le Kew" (Kew as in Kew Gardens).

Campden Hill and Camden Town are very different places, but they are pronounced alike, the "p" in Campden being silent.

All cricketers know that the inventor of "googlies," Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, calls himself "Bōsanket," but lots of ardent theatre-goers persist in calling Mr. Arthur Bourchier "Boor-chier," whereas they should say "Bow-chei," ("bow" as in "bow-wow").

I have heard many a dispute as to the correct pronunciation of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's name. The right way is "Carnéggy."

Carmichael ("Car-my-kăl") should present no difficulties, though some people get it as "Car-mickle," and you should certainly know that the "Ch" in Chandos is soft, even if you have never read "Ouida's" ("Wee-da") famous novel of that name.

Mr. J. C. Inglis, the eminent General Manager of the Great Western Railway, is probably accustomed by this time to hearing himself called "In-glis," but to all his brother Scotsmen at least he is "Ingels," just as Mr. Davison Dalziel, new Unionist M.P. for Brixton in Scotland, would be called "Dee-ell."

The young rifle-shot will probably get himself fined drinks round if he makes three instead of two syllables of the Waldegrave ("Waulgrave") Competition, while one of the most daring horse-man that ever lived—Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny—is "de Crepp'iny."

David Chalmers (Chahmers).

AN EPISODE OF BACHELOR LIFE.

THE OUTCASTS OF CASUAL VILLA

By G. SAINSBURY.

Sometimes it is the piano-organ that does it—sometimes the gentleman who plays the fiddle for chance coppers in the street. If the Italian grinds out on his instrument that "Back to Baltimore" song, or the itinerant violinist converts it into almost a wail, the effect upon me is the same.

I listen to the second part of the chorus almost enraptured. I take my pipe out of my mouth and shape the words that, meaningless as they may appear to you, are much to me :

"They said we'd stop at swell hotels galore,
We only stopped at them outside the door ;
The next man says I'm talented
I'll put a bullet in his head
When I get back to Balt-i-more !"

For me, the ordered world I live in now is not. The sporting prints on the walls of my comfortable rooms fade into obscurity ; I detest the chiselled marble statues on the mantelpiece, and hate the skeleton clock in the glass case that is the pride of my household ; I abhor the old mahogany sideboard, and object to the comfortable lounge, on the score that it is too luxurious.

The associations of that song are reigning in my brain again. The carpet becomes a place for cigarette ashes. Ink from my pen may be flung upon the wall. The Lord only knows what time dinner will be upon the table, or of what the menu is likely to consist. I am back to the old days—back to Casual Villa, where we were all so happy—and all so poor.

The "Baltimore Song" became a favourite of ours, until, in time, anyone caught singing, humming, or whistling it had to be fined a penny, which went to the 'baccy fund. It was the only way to break ourselves of the habit. It cost me quite a half-crown before it got out of my head completely, but it still remained somewhere in the background.

If it occurs in a Lancers' collection of odd pieces at a dance, I regard my dress suit with displeasure. If the restaurant band plays it, I substitute a bottle of beer for light wine in giving my order.

Truly is it said that man is never satisfied. Often, in these days, now that I can afford an ample supply of my lady nicotine, I catch myself experiencing a sneaking regard for the Casual Villa period in my existence when all of us smoked our cigarettes to the bitter and burning end, for we knew not, when the middle of the week had arrived, whence our next packet of the excellent "Players" was coming.

It kept our wits sharp and taught us the value of money, as our miserly elders doubtless intended, but, for all that, blank starvation reigned in Casual Villa ere the Thursday morns dawned. The kindly "Matron" was too sensible to lend us anything, and we simply could not raise a ha'penny from each other.

At such times the inmates, nevertheless, made themselves happy. We were four, and there was always whist, at a cigarette per "corner," which game we played with grimy cards of an evening when the day's toil, or lack of it, was over.

I can see now those four young men whom naught but a shortage of tobacco could depress. They are none of them beautifully dressed ; the hands that hold the thirteen cards are innocent of rings ; the sleeves of at least two players are threadbare and shiny, though not frayed.

When we wished to convert the dining-board into a card-table, we took off the ancient, ink-splashed green cloth, and played upon the virgin deal, which was scrubbed occasionally by our slock-haired domestic of many winters.

Sometimes a friend would look in and improvise torrid marches and impossible two-steps upon the piano, which had not thrived even upon a generous diet of note-paper and match-ends which were dropped down through the open lid when we cleared up."

Vinny Dempster was the most extravagant amongst us, and, perhaps, the oddest character,

He worked at an electrical engineering power station, got his pay on Saturday—it panned out at an average of a little over thirty shillings a week—and on Tuesday nights he would be borrowing odd "tanners" from the other *habitués* of Casual Villa, and drinking halves of bitter instead of whiskies-and-sodas.

The difference in his finances will be appreciated by those of you who have learnt to look on sixpence as a glorious coin capable of buying one packet of cigarettes at threepence and two glasses of "bitter."

One does not in youth drink beer because one likes it. It is usually the bar-room company that a glass of beer brings with it that makes three-ha'pence an estimable sum to harassed hard-ups. To take the subject further, those of my readers who have been really "broke to the wide" know how much more satisfying is a glass of beer and a biscuit and cheese at threepence ha'penny than a "cut from the joint and two veg." at a shilling.

But I am getting away from Vinny—a thing that was usually impossible when he was, as he termed it, "on the rocks."

There was a time when Vinny was "stood off" for a protracted period, and it was a troublous era for all who lived beneath the jerry-built roof of Casual Villa. Clive Traney, the grocer's assistant, Jim Grifford, the ex-golf pro. of the South of France, and I, lent him all the money, assistance, and advice that we could. Vinny was drawing enough from the Club to pay up the "Matron" of the Casual Villa on Saturdays, and that was all.

When he had smoked every "short-end" in the house, and had emptied his pockets of the scraps of dusty tobacco, naught faced him but almost blank nicotine starvation, for he did not care to accept too many cigarettes from us, as he saw no chance of repayment. There was but one thing left for it. His gorgeous cricket-blazer would have to go.

Well do I remember that day. He called me up into his room from the distinctly Bohemian-hall-marked apartment which was the Casual's living room. The mantelpiece was leased by Cupid. Not less than thirty-five blondes and brunettes of all sorts, sizes, and degrees of smiles, looked at us across the threadbare hearthrug.

I entered Ward Three, which was Vinny's bedroom. His tin box was open. From the bottom he had rescued the blazer, and he bestowed one last admiring gaze upon it before wrapping it up in brown paper—and with it the memory of white pavilions and pleasant summer days.

With blue-cold fingers he accomplished his sad task.

Outside the snow was falling fast and thick in big flakes.

"Well?" I queried, mournfully.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that our Uncle Buffalo will give me more than a dollar for it, and it cost me twenty-five bob. Don't say anything to the other chaps, but it's simply *got* to go."

It was a pathetic moment.

We put on our coats and trudged out over the ever-deepening white layer that muffled our footsteps upon the pavement. It was a weary walk to Uncle Buffalo's second-hand clothes store, on the window of which appeared in white letters the legend : "Gentleman's wardrobes bought at high prices for cash."

We passed our favourite hostelry on the way, and Dempster promised to stand "two hot rums" when we had sold the blazer to our Uncle.

We gained the musty shop, and together we walked in.

Mr. Buffin, dirty-white bearded, emerged from the midst of some fifty pairs of second-hand trousers where he had been sleeping out of the cold.

What could he do for us? Yes, the weather *was* bad—just like trade. What had we in the brown paper parcel? Was it our *own* property?

Dempster smothered a curse for his impudence.

"There!" he said, waving the red, black and white striped glory in the dingy light.

"How much for *that?*"

Mr. Buffin took it from him between the tips of his forefinger and thumb, as one lifts an objectional rag.

"What is it?" he asked, after a pause.

"A blazer, my dear, good Buffin. And you shall have it for ten bob. There!"

"But there won't be a minstrel troupe in the town until July!" Our Uncle remonstrated with deprecating gestures and grimy hands.

"A bone-player *might* give me half a dollar for it *then*, but think of the capital, the monnish, my boy, lying dead all them months! Take it avay, sir, take it avay!"

"Bone-player be sugared!" said Dempster. "It's the sort of thing you go down to cricket in. Cost me twenty-five bob. Gospel! Besides, I'm hard up. Don't be a cold-blooded J—— gentleman, I mean, Buffin! Give me a dollar and it's yours. Five little shillings!"

"Take it avay!" Mr. Buffin reiterated.

We departed.

Outside, we stumbled into the ex-golf professional. He had had dealings with our Uncle on countless occasions, for he always sold his old clothes when he had bought new ones. He only worked for the "season" and was the wealthiest amongst us—and the meanest over small things, although he would do anything for his friends as long as it cost him no coin of the realm.

"Hullo," Dempster said cautiously. "You're just the man! Look here, we want to sell this blazer to old Buffalo. *You* can always get big prices out of him. You're on ten per cent. Buck up with it."

Mr. Grifford rattled the gold in his pocket, and, seeing a chance of making perhaps a shilling, his eyes gleamed.

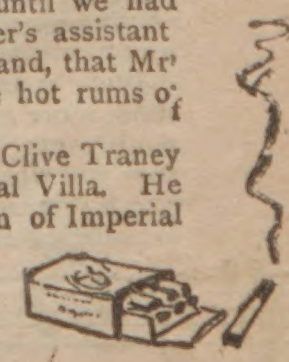
"Chuck it over here!" he said.

We accompanied him to our Uncle Buffalo's door, then retired to the kindly shelter of a dismal passage that led off from the opposite side of the narrow street, keeping observation the while upon our brother "inmate" of Casual Villa, whom we could see through the grimy windows of Mr. Buffin's shop.

Two forms showed gesticulating and threatening through the windows. There was a red, black, and white thing brandished.

Our friend Grifford came out hurriedly, to find us in paroxysms. But Vinny Dempster had an oily tongue. However, it was not until we had promised to waylay Clive, the grocer's assistant and dispatch him upon a similar errand, that Mr Grifford consented to stand us those hot rums of which we felt in dire need.

A better hearted young man than Clive Traney never occupied a "ward" in Casual Villa. He was a member of the local squadron of Imperial



Yeomanry, usually came off his horse three times upon an average at each mounted drill, and returned to the villa muddy, but smiling. With the exception of the fact that he *would* sing snatches of musical comedy, and never by any chance finished in the same key he began in, he was an estimable and excellent "inmate," ready to oblige us all in any way, from getting jars of pickled walnuts and jam at cost price, to fetching the milk for tea.

It was this young gentleman whom we met, as it were by accident, as he left the warehouse door of his shop at 1 p.m.

The matter was easy of explanation. We said we should think it very brickish of him if he would take the blazer and offer it for sale to our Uncle Buffalo. Buffalo, we romanced, was always sure to give a bigger price to a new client, hence the reason that we preferred *him* to go.

Clive walked in the gutter, by the side of us three upon the pavement, bearing the parcel. We slowed down near Mr. Buffin's establishment and left the field to Clive, splendid and alone.

"Not less than twelve-an'-six!" was Dempster's final warning to him.

Clive prided himself upon his business acumen.

"You leave it to me," he said in heavy tones, and opened the door.

Dempster choked back his emotions with a red bandana handkerchief, I buried my face in my coat collar, and Jimmy Grifford bit the vulcanite stem of a new briar pipe clean through in an attempt to preserve an immobile countenance.

Within five seconds Clive came out so hurriedly that, clearing the curb edge, he landed full length almost in the middle of the street. Evidently he had had no time to wrap up the blazer, but he still clung to it as a dying ensign-bearer on the battlefields of old.

Grifford, whose mirth had been sobered by the smashing of a stem that would cost him quite fourpence-ha'penny to replace, was the first to go to the rescue. He picked up the fallen Clive, then the blazer. It had absorbed considerable portions of chilly, slushy mud.

"My godfathers, you've ruined my blazer!" said Dempster in harrowing tones. It was a tragic situation.

"How much for it, *now?*" Mr. Buffin mocked us from the open doorway.

"Take a shillin'!" gasped the prostrate but still businesslike Clive.

"Give yer eightpence," said our Uncle Buffalo, softened. "'Ere y' are, and thank you gentlemen. Twopence apiece."

As in a dream, we of the Casual Villa accepted the money—without a word.

Thus, when at Lord's I see the resplendent blazers of the Gentlemen or the Players, I think of those days at the Casual Villa where we were so happy—and *so* poor.

MUSIC AS A STIMULANT TO SPORT.

When you read this headline you will no doubt observe indignantly that sport needs no stimulant. Granted, but for all that, brisk music undoubtedly spurs on the sportsman to doughty deeds. It acts upon him in the same way as it does upon troops on the march. It exhilarates him and makes him do his best.

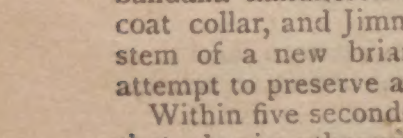
It is just the same with horses, for they never move better than to music.

Take, for instance, cricket. You will often see slow, tedious play suddenly brighten up as the result of music sounding from somewhere near at hand. A case in point is the Crystal Palace ground in the days when the London County Team played there. The band, suddenly striking up in the Palace, often had the effect of entirely changing the nature of the play.

At football, again, you will often see a band playing on the field while the teams are indulging in a "punt about" before the game.

Well, in nine cases out of ten, the forwards will shoot more accurately and the defence clear much more strongly while that band is playing than they will when it has left off.

No, it is indisputable that music has a decidedly stimulating effect on sport as on most other things.



A DOWNLAND RAMBLE.

Not until you begin to walk over every sort of ground that you happen to strike without picking your way, do you realise that at last the sun has regained some of its power, and that winter is fast passing into Spring.

Here already, half way between home and the hills, the sun sends a delicious sensation of warmth over the back and shoulders, and this, with the heavy going over the still water-logged fields, brings a tingling into every limb that threatens to become a glowing and not altogether comfortable condition before I am well up the steep hillside.

But I know that some miles beyond the waving line of the summit there lies many a mile of rolling downland and deep woods and isolated clumps, and that in the little villages hidden there I shall find all that hungry, healthy man could desire—bread and cheese and golden-brown ale, perhaps an early lettuce from the innkeeper's garden, and then a pipe in the sanded bar listening to the broad slow measure of the labourers' midday "crack."

MY GOAL.

But that is miles ahead in distance, and about three hours away in time; and every yard of the way and every minute of the journey will yield its pleasure. For I am out on what is for me the first long country tramp of the year; the opening run, as it were, of the hungry hounds of my nature, lusting for earth and its earthiness, for green growths in hedge and field.

The ditches are still full, or nearly full, of storm-water, and now and then deep below the matted grass and brambles I hear the tumbling of a miniature waterfall—a field drain, whence the rats have been driven by the floods. A leap from bank to hedge and back again as I go along keeps me warm, and a fleeting wonder passes across my mind at what a stranger must think as he sees me now taking the low hedge at a run, now scrambling through a gap (and getting a thorn in my boot-leather in the process), or wielding my good old seasoned ash stick like any sword.

THE STEPPING STONES.

But it's all fresh and free, and I take the swollen stream at a dash, getting across at the nearly-submerged stepping-stones with only one false footfall. The water runs off for the most part, for the boots are tightly laced and the leather leggings are a further protection.

A momentary splash and I'm over, and a double across the last field brings me to the foot of the down.

And now the going is harder still. Where the heavy red-brown earth meets the chalk of the hill, they make a sticky, slippery mixture. It paints the boots and gaiters a strange colour of dirty brown and white.

I love this muddy composition. How it gathers in heavy clogs beneath the instep, 'twixt heel and sole! Every tussock of grass must be made a mat on which to clean the feet, or else walking becomes an impossibility. When no such natural door-mat is handy, a sturdy kick will often send a pound of clay flying in the air.

A Day in the Open

The path winds up. It is an old track, used of old when the now dismantled windmill on the brow was swinging gaily every windy day grinding the farmers' corn.

THE SCENTS OF THE COUNTRY.

On again, and always upward; and now the wind blowing up from the valley brings scents of the land below. I can pick out the faint smell of the new-turned earth which a late ploughman is quartering a mile away. The not unpleasant odour of penned sheep and sliced "roots" comes along with it; and the ranker whiff of an old turnip-field almost suggests autumn.

But there's a forward rush in everything around. The turf is greener than for many months past, even on the bleak summit. Here I can look out to the promised land, a rolling country of woods and clump-crowned beacon points; and soon I'm through the lichen-covered old gate, that needs dragging open and dragging to again, and am buried in the sheltering woods.

There's a jingle of bird notes, as if every living creature were out for the maddest and best day of their lives, as I am. But for the heavy dampness of the earth I'd throw myself down amongst it all and live, live!

THE SPUR OF HUNGER.

But I'm hungry, and still two miles or more of up and down tramping separate me from the little house that stands on the edge of the downs and on the edge of a village, as if uncertain where to throw in its lot, having hankerings for both. Dipping down a steep and narrow primrose path with roots exposed, and many slippery declivities, I find myself "deep in the shady sadness of a vale," and the stream swirls along, still muddy, frothy, and scattered on its surface the leaf and twig wrack of the last gale.

Up the steep hillside I scramble again, and then drop hurriedly into the little inn; for hunger and thirst are dragging me forward. No man needs telling of the ale I drank or of the bread and cheese and farmhouse butter I consumed during that next half-hour.

Contentment and a drowsy languor followed, and a pipe, a doze before a log-fire—perhaps more than a doze, for when I woke a kettle spurted furiously on the hob and a whiff of new-made tea arose.

So I roused myself and took a cup, and chatted with the landlord and a shepherd about the day's every-day things that keep men strong, the winds and storms, the crops and animals; and I learned much of the winter they had had in these parts.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

And then I paid my reckoning and went out. It was colder now. A keen chill was settling down, and I struck a new road home and walked at such a pace that I was half-way there before I felt the glow in my veins and the warmth spreading about me.

It was nearly dark in the deep lane when I caught sight of the first house in the home district.

Away in the woods I had left, a silence had settled, and by the warm, red haze about the horizon and the clear sky I knew that the early plants would have a sharp night of frost to fight against.

And I, deliciously tired, with another and sharper appetite, fell into a roomy chair, and with many pauses for very contentment, slowly disengaged my tired limbs from their earth-soiled leather casings.

It was still a pleasure to contemplate boots and leggings in their muddy state, for had they not carried me through a day of days? And with a blunt and broken knife I carved the mud from them in heavy chunks.

C. EASTON-GREY

The Fraud of Foreign Missions

A MUCH-NEEDED EXPOSURE.

In the first place I must emphasise the fact that this article deals only with foreign missions, for the great majority of missionaries who work in our home cities and slums are good men and true.

In the next place, I do not say that all foreign missionaries are unworthy of respect. There have been great, noble-hearted men in their ranks.

I am not concerned, however, with these worthy servants of the Gospel, but with the gravely large proportion of foreign missionaries whose doings stink in the nostrils of decent men, who disgrace the Christ they profess to serve and the country which has the misfortune to own them.

Missionaries of the baser sort may be divided into frauds, firebrands, and fools; and chief among the first-named is the trading missionary, with the accent on the trading.

He is in the Gospel business simply for what he can make out of it, and he is not too particular how he makes it.

The illicit gin-dealing, gun-running missionary is well known to anyone who has sailed the Seven Seas. He is a dishonest, avaricious hypocrite, who uses religion as a cloak for his nefarious practices.

AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.

Often he enters into vile compacts with native chiefs, by which he is conveniently blind or absent when they wish to revert to barbarous practices, he receiving in turn certain concessions or rights over the ordinary trader.

To extract money from the "old women" of both sexes at home, he "cooks" his reports and returns, swelling the list of "converts" by the addition of babes in arms. He is a very unlucky man. His house or his store is always being burnt down, though people on the spot, strangely enough, see nothing of these conflagrations. Misfortune seems to dog him so long as the purses of the faithful at home hold out.

I charge the trading missionary with being a hypocrite and a rogue, a dishonest trader, who swindles the natives over weight, measure, and price, a foul cur who sometimes debauches them with strong liquors, and a scoundrel who sometimes turns traitor to his country and in time of trouble secretly supplies arms to his country's foes. I appeal to over-sea Britons who know the foreign trading missionary for what he often is to confirm these statements.

THE FIREBRAND.

Then we have the firebrand missionary. "Trade follows the flag," so it is said; war too often follows the missionary.

He is not so much a firebrand in the sense that he preaches war—though sometimes he is a secret fomenter of sedition—but he is a firebrand in the sense that he provokes war, that he makes trouble wherever he goes.

The blood, the treasure that has been poured out as the result of missionary interference with other races, the useful lives that have been sacrificed to rescue blundering zealots, or to avenge their entirely justifiable murders—these things make one's blood boil when one comes to think of them calmly and seriously.

Nice old ladies at home picture the foreign missionary going among untutored savages, persuading them to forego their cheerful practices of human sacrifice and so forth by the power of his eloquence, and leading them to Salvation and Sunday School by means of a native translation of Dr. Watts's immortal hymns.

It is a pretty picture, but it is a fake.

The only thing that will induce a savage to forego barbarous practices is a Maxim gun and plenty of it. Apart from that, all savages are not bestial brutes. Some of them, as for example, the Zulus, have moral codes which are in many respects superior to our own.

The missionary, however, is essentially a destructive creature. According to him there is room on earth for only his idea of God and morality. When he finds a native moral code, however good it may be, he must destroy it. The convert is told that his ideal of morals is all wrong, and is presented in exchange with a code of morals which he does not understand, beyond seeing that it permits him to do many things for which by tribal law and custom he would have died many painful deaths.

A DRASTIC CODE.

Under the old Zulu law, in cases of adultery, *both* man and woman were put to death. Under the Christianity now exploited the woman suffers while the man goes free. The Zulu does not understand why—I don't know that I do—but he gathers that Christianity apparently licenses profligacy.

Anyway, any travelled man (not a missionary) will tell you that of all immoral, drunken, lazy, lying brutes, the Christianised nigger is the worst.

The missionary, however, does not go merely among benighted savages; he takes his dogmas to highly intelligent races like the Chinese and the Mahommedans, and he insults them needlessly.

He tells them that their beliefs and their ideas of morality are all wrong, and he treads upon their tenderest corns. He outrages their feelings and their customs. He derides the things that they hold most sacred, and in every way he stirs them to most justifiable wrath and indignation.

"DO UNTO OTHERS——"

How should we like it if Chinamen came over here and sought to convert us to Confucianism? At first we should laugh at them, but if they stationed themselves at street corners and mocked our religion, and told us we were benighted heathens, and secretly tried to make converts of our children, with the idea of bringing them to despise the religion of their fathers, I think we should say: "Look here, John Chinaman, you can worship anyone you bally well like, and if you like to build a temple you may, but you leave my God and my churches and my family alone, or I'll take you by the pigtail and sling you into the sea."

Yet that is how our missionaries behave in foreign lands, and when the foreigner naturally resents it, the missionary invites us to come along and make war for the sake of Christianity, also for the sake of the wounded feelings of the Rev. Barnabas Tubthumper.

In short, the foreign missionary is often an ill-bred cad, devoid of any considerations for the feelings of people who were civilised when England was still in the Stone Age.

THE FOOL MISSIONARY.

Closely allied to the firebrand is the fool missionary.

I will take China again as an illustration. The Chinese language is extremely difficult; it takes years to learn to speak it with even a very moderate degree of fluency and accuracy, but your average missionary is quite ready to preach in the Chinese streets after he has been in the country six weeks.

Now imagine, say, a Frenchman getting up in Trafalgar Square and preaching in the worst of broken English, using ridiculous words, or words that have a double and indecent meaning, unconsciously uttering the most ludicrous sentiments—well, of course, he would be laughed at. But if to his exhortation he added abuse of our religion, of our institutions and our customs; if he told us that he, who didn't even know our language, alone knew whom or what we should worship and how we should live, I think he would soon find a resting place in the adjacent fountains.

Yet this is what our missionaries do in China.

Roman Catholics are an honourable exception, for no R. C. missionary is allowed to preach in public in China until he has been several years—five, I believe—in the country, and I say this the more freely because I am not a member of that faith.

The fool missionary has cost us many precious lives.

GOOD WORK SPOILT.

It is difficult to see what good foreign missionaries do, excepting, perhaps, the material good wrought by medical missionaries, many of whom are noble fellows, though their medical usefulness is apt to be impaired by the fact that they are missionaries. Would you employ a doctor who wanted to make a Mussulman of you?

But the average foreign missionary breeds dissension and strife wherever he goes; he often undermines authority in countries where we rule; he is the frequent cause of costly and useless wars; the value of his converts is most questionable; and personally he is often a self-sufficient, blundering ass; and sometimes he is more than a bit of a knave.

H. Gray-Reid.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you have not already joined The Modern Man League, do so to-day.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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The League Badge. (Actual Size.)

THE AMATEUR UNIVERSAL PROVIDER.

We all know the amateur universal provider. He is a distinctly well-meaning individual, but as a personality he palls with long acquaintance.

What? Don't you know what an amateur universal provider is? I will describe him for you.

He is middle-aged, stoops a little, generally wears blue spectacles, and carries on his person almost every imaginable small object—especially little bottles of patent medicine.

Do you complain of a cold in the head? The A.U.P. will at once produce a little tablet which, he avers, will cure it in an hour or two. Has a button come off one of your boots? The A.U.P. will draw forth, after the manner of a conjurer, a small card of buttons and a pocket housewife's outfit, and will sew one on for you.

His proudest possession, probably, will be a marvellous pocket-knife which combines the useful offices of corkscrew, button-hook, pipe-cleaner, tin-tack hammer, and "handy fret-saw." Most people, when they first make his acquaintance, will fancy that he draws a commission from different business firms for advertising their wares; but, to do him justice, this is not the case. He is simply a faddist, whose craze takes the form of being ready for any emergency.

Whatever you need on the spur of the moment he can give you—unless, perhaps, it is a cigar. This is where he generally draws the line.

ARE WE GOING BACK?

At the present moment the excitement that is being aroused by the forthcoming attempt on the part of an English oarsman to regain for this country the sculling championship of the world, which we have not held for some decades, is enough to make us ask "Are We Going Back as a Sporting Nation?"

At cricket we do not cut the most glorious figure when opposed to our Colonies, at Henley we are often worsted by Belgians and other "lesser breeds," and at boxing the Yankees can, to put it bluntly, "knock our heads off." We have to fall back upon football to find a sport at which we are paramount, but even then we have to admit that the "All Blacks" and the "Springboks" a few years ago gave us nasty eye-openers. It certainly would appear that John Bull is not exactly the giant in the field that he once was.

But at any rate we can console ourselves with one thought; and that is that the true spirit of sportsmanship is met with in no country to the same degree as in Great Britain, and that in this essential sense England, as a sporting country, still does, and always will, lead the van.

TYPES OF "BOSSES."

Most of us who are not in our very first youth have met with more than one "boss," or employer, in our time; and it is a strange, but none the less true, fact that very few of them are agreeable.

One particularly unpleasant type of employer is the weak man who is all honey to you personally, but who administers occasional reproofs—and very nasty ones, too, sometimes—through his second-in-command, generally a man of more hectoring demeanour.

I know a man who was "sacked" from the office of such a man as this, and who appealed to the "chief." The latter said that he personally had no cause for complaint, and that the dismissal was the action of his general manager. That gentleman, on the other hand, said that he had been instructed by the chief; and the unfortunate man who had lost his job knew which story to believe.

Beware of the quiet employer who never "rags"; but do not be afraid of the tempestuous man, who is always "blowing you up." He is probably, at bottom, quite a good fellow, who may perhaps give a rise in your salary the day after he has threatened you with summary dismissal.

It is often worth your while to study the character of your "boss," even though you may seldom come into personal contact with him.

THE ROWING SEASON.

With the approach of spring, and the gradual lengthening of the days, enthusiastic oarsmen throughout the country are beginning to go down to the rivers in rapidly-increasing numbers; and especially on the Thames, close to London, the water is alive with flashing racing craft. Single-scullers, pairs, fours, and eights are in great demand at the boathouses on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and it is easy to see that the rowing season of 1910 has started in earnest.

But here is a very important thing that many oarsmen are apt to forget, if, indeed, they are aware of it at all. Do not take off your sweater before getting into your boat. If you do, during the weather that prevails about this time, you will probably get very badly chilled. Leave it on until you have had a good burst, and become thoroughly warm. And don't forget to put it on again immediately after stopping work.

MUSHROOM GROWING FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

There are many men who are fond of gardening, and who might turn their hobby into a very profitable one by cultivating mushrooms. Any dark place will do to grow them in—a dark shed, or an underground cellar will answer the purpose very well.

There is a good demand for mushrooms throughout the whole year, and arrangements can be made with local greengrocers who will readily buy all you grow for them.

During the time they are in season it is not much trouble to grow them, all that is necessary is to obtain some mushroom spawn. This is stocked by most seed merchants. It is sold in blocks, and costs about 4s. 6d. per dozen blocks. These are cut in small pieces about two inches square, and placed on some good manured mould, and covered with a thin layer of earth; after a few days the mushrooms will begin to spring up.

When they are out of season, they can be grown on a hot-bed, which is made in the following way: Get some good long stable manure, place it in the growing-shed and make it into a bed, which should be at least a foot deep and about two feet wide.

Having done this, it is necessary to obtain the temperature of the bed. This is done by placing a thermometer in the manure, and if the heat should be more than 70deg., it will be necessary to wait until it is down to this temperature before you can proceed with the bed.

This is made up as follows:—The manure is covered with a thin layer of clean straw, on the top of which is placed a layer of good mould about three inches deep. The spawn is then cut into small pieces about two inches square. This is placed on top of the mould, and is then covered with a thin layer of straw.

This done, it is then necessary to wait for a few days before covering it over with the last layer of mould, as it gives the spawn a better chance to make a start. This last layer of mould should be about two inches deep.

After a few days the mushrooms will begin to grow, and they must be picked out, care being taken to remove the stems, or they would rot and spoil the crop.

The spawn will continue to grow, and must not be touched, and it will not be necessary to interfere with the bad, as it will maintain the correct heat, having once obtained it.

SOMETHING YOU CAN WRITE.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Don't send a letter to the Editor with a paragraph. Address it to him direct.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. Ernest Taylor, 153, Sultan Road, Portsmouth, for "Mushroom Growing for Amateur Gardeners."

JOKES AND JOKERS.

In how many cases, when a large number of men are gathered together, does one hear the formula: "Oh, you must hear Jones's latest story"? In nine out of ten. It is when stories are the order of the day among a large group of men that one gets an opportunity of observing the almost innumerable different types of jokes and jokers.

Sometimes one may tell a joke which tickles one personally into paroxysms of laughter, but one may find that with the greater part of one's audience it falls very flat. Now, it would not be right to put those men down as lacking a sense of humour. They may not appreciate that particular type of joke. Try them with another, which perhaps you don't appreciate half so much yourself, and possibly those same men will shake the roof with laughter.

There is one variety of joker who is indubitably going out of fashion very fast; and he is the man who deals in "smuts." He tells a racy story in facetious style, lingering lovingly over the suggestive parts; but when he gets to the end the rigidly polite, forced laughter that he hears, savours distinctly of faint praise.

The man who makes the greatest hit is he who tells a really humorous story, generally on some sporting subject, tells it, by the way, briefly, and, last but not least, without laughing himself.

THE BACK-YARD GARDEN.

There is not much room in a back-yard for the budding gardener, but the following suggestion may be carried out even in an extra small space.

A paraffin cask is easily obtainable; fill it with earth and board up the end. Drill holes in the sides—not too many, of course, and not too close together—and drop into these holes seeds of whatever plant is selected—sweet-peas, nasturtiums, or any other seed.

Then lay the cask on one side, and when the seeds come up you will have a fragrant mass of blossoms and foliage, which will make up for the non-existence of a garden.

THE WOEFUL WHISTLE.

Everybody who takes an interest in football—and that is as good as saying every Englishman—is unanimous in deploring the important part played by the whistle, especially in Rugby matches.

The great features of Rugby nowadays are scrums and solos on the whistle. No sooner has one scrummage broken up, and a flashing three-quarter darted off with the ball safely tucked away under his arm, than that wretched whistle will tootle again, and the business of scrummaging will start afresh. Then probably the ball will not have been put in properly, and the pretty notes of the whistle will be heard once more.

It is almost as bad in the Association game. How many times have we seen forwards get well away, and start a pretty concerted run right up to the opposing goal, only to be pulled up by the referee's whistle, either for off-side or some intentional foul by the defence?

Of course, it would not be easy, but if some legislation could be introduced to diminish the frequency with which the whistle sounds on the football field, it would be eagerly hailed by millions of enthusiasts throughout the country.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN'S UNDERSTUDY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

In the Gymnasium of the Drill Hall at Brermouth there was an informal Yeomanry display. Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and the rest did wondrous things upon the bars and rings. In company with the Sergeant-Major, who looked on with a critical eye, Trooper Carteret sat upon the vaulting-horse and smoked the cigarette of cynicism.

Kernahan was the only man who could stir up any energy within him, for, despite his apparent fragility, Trooper Carteret was conscious of his own stamina.

"You chaps," he pointed out from his place of vantage, "are too bally elephantine in your antics. (Look out for your thick skull, Stevie!) It ain't what I call precisely clean, Sergeant-Major. Kernahan, of course, thinks he's doing it all in fine style on the parallel bars, but a *cleaner* jump off at the finish would put him miles ahead. It's smartness that does it—and that's what these good boys lack. Good-hearted fellows, but lumberers—mere lumberers!"

"What's our aristocratic friend talking about?" Trooper Kernahan had approached silently in his rubber-soled shoes. He was, as Carteret put it, "in full gym. order." Trooper Carteret was still wearing his uniform, in which, it seemed, he was perfectly content to live, for the gentlemen who designed the uniform of the King's Own did it with an eye for effect. And in no way, apart from sentiment, is a King's Own man ashamed of his livery.

Trooper Carteret flicked the ash from his cigarette and smiled indulgently.

"Pretty average sarcastic this evening, my gallant bandolero, aren't you?" he said to Kernahan.

"Not at all. But when a man can't do a thing, he can't stand another chap looking on with a superior air and rotting it. Remember Lieutenant Engelhart?"

"Many thanks," said Carteret, "but bet you a bob I can execute that evolution smart as you. You wouldn't think it, Horatius, but *once* I held the position of Gym. 'Pre.' at school."

"Since when," Kernahan went on blandly, "you've taken no further honours at athletics, eh? Well, if you can do it, let's see you."

"Not in these clothes, thanks." Trooper Carteret ostentatiously withdrew another cigarette from his case which he offered in turn to Trooper Kernahan.

"I'm in training," Kernahan growled. "You know that."

"Sorry. I forgot." A weak memory regarding the period of training that preceded the Regimental Sports was one of Trooper Carteret's most offensive attributes.

"But why not take off the jacket," Trooper Kernahan suggested, "and win the bob?"

"I'm game," said Trooper Carteret, a little dubiously. As the performance included a somersault off the bars, he felt rather uncertain as to whether the proficiency of his schooldays would stand him in good stead now.

"You've got to be pretty exact over that trick," Carteret observed, as he divested himself of his yellow-collared "undress frock" and his spurs. "As I'm not familiar with the particular bars and their precise length, it will be more a matter of luck than anything else. However"—the money in his breast pocket fell on to the floor—"an omen! Here's my mascot!"

He picked up a Chinese coin with the others.

"And you're a believer in mascots, I think, Kernahan," Carteret said. "Let's see if mine stands me in good stead. Here goes—"

Trooper Carteret went for it nobly, and finished up a dusty but not inglorious heap upon the floor amid shouts of encouragement. It had been a near thing.

"Double or quits, Carteret," said Kernahan, refusing the promptly proffered shilling. "If you miss it this time the money goes to a fund for indigent sergeant-majors."

Sergeant-Major Brighton let the shaft pass harmlessly.

"Might I remind you young gentlemen," said the Sergeant-Major, "that the Officers' Room is next door, and the partition is particularly thin."

"You needn't remind Kernahan. Need he?" said Carteret.

"Er-no!" Trooper Kernahan favoured Trooper Carteret with a glance that meant things. Carteret immediately translated it as a warning to be quiet—and rightly.

As Carteret had said, there was no reason to remind Trooper Kernahan about the thickness of that particular wall!

Uproarious cheers, however, greeted Carteret's success.

Then the door of the Officers' Mess, that faced into the dimly-lighted hall, opened.

It was Captain Devine who entered, after the manner of a small hurricane, into the Gymnasium.

"Wish you fellows would be a bit quiet. When a man's attempting to wade through War Office papers, too much noise is wearing. This partition is thin. Trooper Kernahan will tell you *that*."

He departed promptly, leaving the gymnasts in an uncomfortable silence.

"Look here," said Trooper Alexander, who had been entertaining Trooper Stephen with a little boxing bout in the corner. How long has Kernahan been an architect? Where did you gain your apparently expert knowledge about this partition, Kernahan? First there's Carteret, and then Devine. Explain, boy."

Trooper Kernahan made quite an original remark about the weather.

"Perhaps," Trooper Alexander went on humorously, "you consider it has some strategical value——"

"Well, I'm damned!" said Trooper Carteret, feelingly. "Wonderful how a chance shot——"

"Shut up you owl!" said Trooper Kernahan, stung into speech.

"Can't you *see*," he murmured to his friend, "that there's a whole bally room-full of 'em here?"

"But the year's more than past," said the Sergeant-Major, "and, as they say at the Lyceum, you are free to speak."

"Well, it doesn't seem a year ago," said Trooper Kernahan. "Anyway, I've to attend the Recreation Room Committee, so ta-ta! I go—to get on my uniform again."

Trooper Kernahan made his exit gracelessly to the dressing-room.

"Now, then, Sergeant-Major," said Trooper Alexander. "'Quietude' being the password, the countersign is 'Get on with it, Sergeant-Major.' You sit where you are a jiffy while we gather round, and you can tell us about that partition—as *you* are free to speak, also, I presume?"

"There were only three of us in the know (besides the captains, of course)," said the Sergeant-Major, shifting himself into a comfortable position upon the vaulting-horse, and addressing himself to the younger generation that lounged around its varnished sides.

"Only three of us in the know. The fourth gentleman should have been in gaol—or in Germany. There are forms of patriotism *and* forms of patriotism. It was Lieutenant Engelhart's idea of serving what was, virtually speaking, his Fatherland that did not suit us——"

"Engelhart—who was Engelhart?" Trooper Alexander searched his memory. "Heard that name before in connection with a Territorial scandal, I think."

"Ah, it was before your time, Mr. Alexander. Something of it *did* get into the papers, but the affair was glozed over by all concerned. They put it down—his dismissal I mean—to the fact that he was not a duly naturalised British subject. As a matter of fact, he was, technically speaking, an Englishman, born of German parents somewhere in Yorkshire. But the German 'd' got dropped from his name. It should have read 'Engelhar*dt*.' He took a commission in the Old Volunteer Artillery, which was very much in want of officers. He had a country place near Brermouth. Age—say thirty. Unmarried. His sister kept house for him, and incidentally kept the heads of the young bucks in a whirl. She was pretty was the Fraulein—as nice a piece of dainty Dresden as a soldier with an amorously inclined heart would care to meet. Myself? I have been through the fire in my young days and not come out unscathed.

"However, to revert to Engelhart, Lieutenant in the First Battery Artillery Volunteers. He looked every inch a soldier, could sit a horse well, and was pretty well versed in artillery work. Enthusiastic wasn't the word. They were under strength in the First Battery. He would as soon act as a bombardier as a lieutenant. Driving the leaders of a gun team was as pleasing to him, apparently, as bestriding his charger.

"*Therefore*—you should always look for cause and effect in this life—this pure enthusiasm raised him high in the estimation of all those who had the welfare of what was to be the Territorial Army at heart. Mr. Haldane's scheme was then upon point of completion. We were all feeling the pinch numerically, although it served to eliminate the weeds in the end—which you will understand, young gentlemen, makes the Territorials a stronger striking power than the Force was under the old *régime*. They can say what they like against the Liberal Government—I'm a Tory myself, because I believe the Army and Private Atkins get better treated by the Conservatives—but this measure wasn't so dusty, I must admit in all fairness.

"The effect of it, however, was to make us at the time all brothers in sorrow. The officers were called upon to know something about the district they would have to defend in case of eventualities. The men—ditto. There were hints from the War Office, which has occasional glimmerings of sanity regarding this point.

"Promptly enough, I proceeded to sink the minds of Squadron 'B' in map-drawing—as some of you remember, perhaps. (My! It taught me how very deficient is education at the present day.)

"By perseverance, however, we got on. We had sort of guerilla rides out—very little formation. Then I sat the men down with a bit of pencil and paper, and told 'em to draw an *accurate* map of the district we had ridden over, giving roads, declivities, hills, cover afforded, *etcetera*, or look out for their optics.

"Now, Trooper Kernahan don't like books. He can carry the formation of a country, you might say, in his head. His bump of locality is pretty well developed.

"It was Engelhart, doing a private ride round, who spotted Kernahan one day sitting on a mossy bank, trying to put his exact idea of the surrounding country into cold lead pencil.

"Engelhart knew Kernahan by repute, and to a certain extent personally.

"'Hullo!' he shouts out. 'What's our learned luminary of Squadron "B" doing? Why sits this champion of the dames inactive on his steed?'

"That last is Scott—probably misquoted.

"'I'm not on my steed, I'm not inactive, and I'm *certainly* not a champion of the dames,' said Trooper Kernahan.

"'Then that's very ungallant of you,' says a tinkle of a voice behind Kernahan.

"Kernahan springs up at once.

"It was Engelhart's sister, lookin' a regular 'Sportin' and Dramatic' picture on horseback. Sort of Diana of the Hunt at level weights.

"Kernahan tells me that the suddenness of the appearance of that vision of beauty sent blushes to the roots of his hair. . . . And there's no call for you young gentlemen to laugh. A man don't feel any particular hero sketchin' maps on the back of an old envelope on a damp, though mossy, bank. The pose isn't strictly poetical, and no true man would want to encounter Venus when he was covered with mud-splashes up to his neck. Don't you know that when a man can face his fiancée in a dirty collar it's the beginnin' of the end? The match is, strictly speakin', off, and better so.

"However, nothin' would suit Engelhart but that Kernahan should ride over to his place and have a snack with him before returning to Brermouth.

"'Chuck up that map-drawin', Kernahan,' says the Lieutenant (or words to that effect), 'and come along with us!'

"'I wish,' said Trooper Kernahan *sotto voce* so that the Fraulein couldn't hear, 'you wouldn't rot a man who's doing his little best. Why, hang it, I know the country by heart, Mr. Engelhart, without these maps. Weak points, strong points, strategical points! If I have lived all these years in Brermouth and don't know its surroundin's in my head, I ought to be shot!' says Kerny. 'But it's this map-drawing to oblige Mr. Haldane that doesn't agree with me.'

"The Fraulein (that was the nickname we that worshipped her gave her) having overheard the last remark, said something about Mr. Kernahan just suiting them.

"'Why?' asks the Trooper.

"'Oh, we can have rides out together,' says the Fraulein. Since that time Kernahan says he remembers her flushing up, but, conceited as he is, he put it down to something else. You musn't always consider that a woman who blushes in your presence blushes for *you*.

"Well, Trooper Kernahan went very well, as they say in sportin' circles. The Lieutenant was mightily pleased with him. They got on to map-drawing. *He* did the drawin', you see, while Trooper Kernahan pointed out the various strategical positions on the map, and gave his expert idea as to where trenches would have to be dug in case of invasion an' so on. As I explained, we were, at that time, all brothers in sorrow. Impersonally speaking, Squadron 'B' was not averse to giving the First Battery a hand—and Kernahan knew the Lieutenant to be a keen man. Wherefore, knowing that a little help in Territorial matters is worth a deal of pity, he added to the Lieutenant's excellent map-drawing attainments his special and exclusive knowledge. All *pro bono publico*. It was just a little bit *pro bono* Kernahan, though! It's wonderful how eloquent you can wax when the prettiest pair of eyes this side of the equator are gazing into yours—so sweetly full of trusting admiration. It helps you a lot to do all sorts of things, and usually, just as She wishes—good or bad. . . . Usually bad . . . !"

Trooper Stephen took occasion to intervene.

"We don't want to wring your murky past from you, Sergeant-Major," he said.

"Quite so . . . ." The Sergeant-Major re-lit his pipe and continued. "My remarks, Mr. Stephen, were intended to emphasise what follows. *Not* as a peg upon which to hang your vague jests! Anyhow, Trooper Kernahan left the Old Manor House that day feeling that one heart beneath its gabled roof was beating the faster for a Trooper of the King's Own. (Thank God though, no woman has succeeded in completely ambuscading Kernahan yet.)

"He had finished up the evening with a little fencing in a disused box-room with the Lieutenant. Now, several of you fellows know how to point, thrust, and parry; but Kernahan's extra enthusiasm over the art gives him a slight lead. At the finish the Lieutenant had a shade the better of him, and when they returned to the dining-room the Fraulein had asked so nicely if he had beaten the Lieutenant that Kernahan had felt quite ashamed when he had to reply 'No.'

"Riding back in the dark, Kernahan tells me that he reflected with some sorrow that the Fraulein seemed rather pleased that her brother had got the better of him . . . .

"But Carteret can take the troop along here, I think, better than I."

Trooper Carteret, having been roused to action, obliged.

"Ye-es. Of course, Kerny very kindly unloaded most of his love-affairs to me. I told him, of course, that he was a giddy decorator. Told him, further, that he was attempting to construct a palace out of a small mud brick. That upset him somethin' awful.

"'Hang it all, Carteret,' he said, 'you don't suppose I'm in *love* with the girl?'

"'Love? No. And if you were you'd be too much of a gentleman to publish it from the house-tops—which is, usually, the same thing as telling a friend in confidence.'

"That's what *I* said to him!

"Kerny went on, then, with all that jaw about the map-drawin' and so on. I told him frankly that Engelhart looked too much of an out-and-out German for my liking. I happened to know, you see, that our friends over the water have several thousand fingers in our pie. The waiter who puts his thumb in your soup is probably waitin' for the signal to dash into their secret underground arms-store and assist the brother invader. Same principle, I reasoned, might apply to Engelhart. It's the Teutonic notion of patriotism, you know. We'd call it dam' sneakish. I told Kernahan *my* ideas.

"'By George!' says old Kerny. 'Possibly you're right, Carteret!'

"'Many thanks,' says I.

"And—and that's about as far as I take you now. Go on, Major. You were behind the scenes in the next act."

The Sergeant-Major knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"I *was!*" he said. "*I* happened to notice how very frequent were the Lieutenant's visits to *our* Drill Hall. The First Battery, as you all know, have a hall of their own where they keep their obsolete guns.

"Well, putting six and four together, I began to tumble the Lieutenant's little game. Often I'd find him alone in the gym. sort of amusin' himself, while our officers were talkin' over matters in the next (the officers') room. At any other time this would have been nothin' strange in an alleged athlete. But just then, I happened to know, they were fixing where certain supplies should be kept, little things that the great B.P. knows nothing about, *nor* the paper scribblers who give all the good shows away. No one lower than the rank of captain was present at these conferences. Very select they were—captains and field officers only, as you might say. The Colonel from the Brermouth Barracks presided, as in case of hostilities he would immediately assume command until a General arrived. The things they were talking over were pretty well *sub rosa*.

"Well, it became pretty generally known that one night had been fixed for a final conference upon these weighty matters. (You see, all along the coast there were to be underground magazines placed. Also, upon the *very* private maps in these captains' possession were to be marked the precise situation of the secret stores where spare rifles for civilian volunteers' use were to be kept. . . . Ah, neither you nor I, nor the papers know *all* our reserves!)

"Now, Kernahan, after Carteret had put him on his guard, had been once or twice to the Manor House, and had noted things. Yet he had nothing definite to go upon, except that once he asked for the loan of the map which he had so foolishly assisted the Lieutenant to make, and upon which the various strategical positions were clearly marked. In this case, you see, Kernahan's expert judgment had been something of a curse. For—observe this—should the Germans get hold of a map like that, with the probable entrenchments, ambushes, cover, and so on indicated, together with the position of the secret magazine and stores along the coast, they could do little wonders with its help in time of war. Engelhart said he had mislaid the map. *Very* weak!

"Now, Lieutenant Engelhart had got the first part all right from Kernahan himself—all Kernahan's years of experience for nothing, unless you can count his sister's smile as payment!

"I knew this. So did Kernahan. It was his duty to see that he did not complete that map with those little indications.

"So on that particular night we kept observation on what was Engelhart's only chance, the window—*that* window—of this gymnasium.

"As you know, it's pretty average dark round the back way of this hall. But for all that we plainly saw a man slip the catch with a pocket-knife and climb in. (You see the gym. door was locked that night.)

"'He's in the trap, Major!' says old Kernahan, joyfully. 'You stay here. I'll walk round and just arrest him.'

"'What *for?*' I asked, with an eye to the future. 'He can easily say that, not caring to give too much trouble, he got into the gym. through the window—an old dodge—to get a pipe or a cigarette-case he had left there. We should both look fools. Let him be, and catch him red-handed.'

"Kernahan promptly agreed to this. 'He will listen through the partition and twig by the names of the places just where the ammunition will be kept. All he will have to do then will be to mark them off on my map. He's bound to have an electric torch to assist him——'

"'He'll have my map with him,' he said.

"'Precisely!' I said. '*Then* we shall have something to go upon. *Then* we can have him, horse, foot, and guns!'

"So we waited here a weary hour, just to see he didn't exit too soon. He couldn't, of course, very well leave by this door. It has an old lock that's a bit too hard to pick, and, besides, it was clear enough that he'd have too much common sense to excite suspicion, even if he could by some means have got out quietly.

"Just on the stroke of the hour Kernahan left me on guard by the window. By standing on tip-toe I could just see through, of course.

"Well, the first thing I saw, gentlemen, was the beam of light as Kernahan unlocked and opened the door. He entered whistling as though looking for something. Then, striking a match, he lit the gas.

"There was no Lieutenant to be seen!"

The Sergeant-Major smiled.

"Well, I'm blessed!" said a recruit slowly.

"Ah!" the Sergeant-Major continued, "but where's your observation, youngster? What about this vaulting-horse? You see the base is all enclosed. There's quite room for a man kneeling beneath it, and he could hear through the holes that they use for sort of pulling it about. See?

"Kernahan twigged this in a minute. This horse was quite against the thin partition. I understand *now* why we had seen no sign of an electric torch flash.

"Kernahan pretty soon lifted it up.

"'You can come out of that, my giddy map-constructor!' says Trooper Kernahan.

"No one moved.

"'Come out, I say!' Trooper Kernahan almost shouted.

"It fetched his man this time.

"'Now then!' said Trooper Kernahan, 'what's
he damnable game, my friend?'
"The Lieutenant said nothing, and continued to
ay it.
"'Give me that map, and I'll make no fuss!'
ays the Trooper, 'I'm not anxious to disgrace
he First Battery by publishing abroad that its
ieutenant is a *spy!* And its Lieutenant, Mr.
ngelhart, resigns to-night. Come, hand over
hat map!'
"'And if I refuse?'
"The Lieutenant was quite dramatic.
"Two seconds later he was very sore about the
ack. A well-directed blow from our Trooper's
st had sent him over and Kernahan had
ossession of the map.
"'You shall pay for this!' he said. 'Who'll
elieve your story. What is there to prevent my
aising an alarm. It's *you* whom *I* discovered
ere making those little notes. I *ou*, Trooper
ernahan! Now, then, let's come to terms.'
"'Well, boys," the Sergeant-Major's eyes were
winkling. "Where a bloomin' German can go a
ergeant-Major can follow. I was through that
indow in a jiffy.
"'Engelhart,' says I, 'the drawback to your
ittle proposal is me—merely *me*. I've seen the
hole thing from the outside. But, look here,' I
ent on, 'I'll just bet you a level dollar that the
olonel in the next room, to whom we are about
o conduct you, will believe Trooper Kernahan's
ord. They happen to know him! Now then!
ight-about turn, Lootenant, and march, ye devil,
arch!'"
The Sergeant-Major slid down from his lofty
erch.
"Thus," he concluded, "we conducted the
eggar in."

THAT TIRED FEELING.

It often befalls us, on arriving at the office, and manfully making a start with the business of the day, to find ourselves struggling in the grip of a feeling of lethargy which we cannot shake off. There is a reason for "that tired feeling"; but the majority of us do not know what it is.

It is that we have not "stretched" before getting out of bed.

Watch a kitten, when it wakes up from a nap. It will uncoil itself slowly, yawn, and give comical little kicks with its hind legs; and then it will at once display its proverbial liveliness. That is because it has "stretched" all the sleepiness out of its limbs.

It is the same with human beings. Don't simply get out of bed and drag your clothes on, or you will be dull and lethargic all day. Have a good stretch before getting out. In fact, do a sort of "exercise" under the blankets, and all day long you will be as spry as a grig.

THE "THIEVES' KITCHEN."

How the City Athenæum Club came to be known as the "Thieves' Kitchen" I do not know, but probably the nickname was bestowed upon it by some disappointed wag who had been black-balled for this rendezvous of smart and sporting members. Anyway, the "Thieves' Kitchen" is a very pleasant club, where ostentation of any kind is severely discouraged, and the wealthy banker contents himself with a chop and a tankard of beer for lunch, though sometimes the tankard contains a more expensive fluid than ale.

The "Thieves' Kitchen" is in a court just off "the Street" (Throgmorton Street), and it is a highly interesting place to lunch at, for there you may see men who are powers in the financial world.

"Shop" is not tabooed at the "Thieves' Kitchen," and many a big deal is arranged over a quiet luncheon at the City Athenæum Club. One of the best known and most popular of members is Mr. Eugene Corri, the famous boxing expert, and there are amongst its members many men whose names are famous in the world of

WAITING

SOME PASSING THOUGHTS.

The lesson hardest to learn of all is that of patience. Youth wants everything and will wait for nothing; maturity wants much and is content with less; age wants little and waits for—all.

That opening is somewhat odiously epigrammatical, I grant you; but if a man cannot make epigrams about patience he cannot make them at all, for they are statements of philosophy, and patience is the soul of philosophy.

A certain amount of philosophy is required in order to preserve an unruffled temper when a man, for instance, waits for his girl from the appointed time of seven-thirty till a quarter-past eight.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Still a larger amount must be exercised when she fails to apologise for your forty-five minutes of frenzied conjecture as to whether you have mistaken the rendezvous or whether she has stumbled in front of a steam-roller.

Of course, no girl of wisdom ever apologises to a man. In point of fact, she is never so adroit at putting him in the wrong as when she is in the wrong herself.

Such experiences of waiting teach a man this, and the more a man learns of a woman the higher is his opinion of his own sex, which is a frame of mind devoutly to be enjoyed.

Then there is the delay of the business train on a raw and foggy morning, and the waiting for a 'bus at the corner of a street in the rain. Find me the man who is proof against either test of cheerfulness and I will ask him to companion me on my next holiday.

But these are flippant things.

Have you ever been one among a baker's dozen in an unfamiliar waiting-room, all candidates for the post of "Efficient clerk. Salary £1 weekly. Unexceptionable references essential"?

TENSION.

Do you know what it is to be depressed in that atmosphere of hostile rivalry; to feel glum about your prospects of success; to wonder how the devil you can expect to be luckier than the rest?

Waiting isn't rag-time then. It's slow, and heavy, and tiring—especially if you are hungry, and more especially if somebody else at home is hungry.

You don't come away from such a place with exactly the same measure of experience as you went in. Something has been added to it; that flavour of patience, whose first taste is rather bitter in the mouth.

The waiting for news which may be good or ill is, too, included in the curriculum of the school of life.

It may be from a sick-room; it may be at the shaft-head of a mine where, deep below, Earth has burst out in fiery rebellion against those who tamper with her; it may be "from the front." The hoarse voice of the newsboy during war-time, when he runs along the street calling "orful slorter," has sent the blood from many a face.

I seek not to lay a rough finger upon any old wound of memory. You will know what waiting can be even if only the healed scar be there.

ALL OR NOTHING.

Gamblers drink the gall of waiting more times than they will confess to you.

The twinkling colours as they appear round the bend far up the straight, the feverish sighting of glasses, the near pound of hoofs when glasses are unnecessary, and the swelling roar of voices prematurely yelling the winner—this waiting has its glory of excitement if yours "gets there."

But I don't envy you your sinking heart if honour as well as money—another's money, possibly—"loses by a neck." The long waiting for exposure is more deadly than gall; it is slow poison.

Not that all waiting means emotions of misery. I am not a married man, but I should imagine the

night before the wedding ceremony has its moments.

Here again, God save me from flippancy. It has been said women marry for the trousseau and men for the honeymoon, but I would like its author served like Falstaff, "surrounded with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease," and "thrown into the Thames."

For the man with any instincts of sanctity the hours of waiting for the day when he undertakes to be the strength and defence of a woman against the world, should know more of prayer than aught else. So that's all there need be said about it.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

Similarly, I have never been in the dock, enduring the period of waiting while the jury retire to consider their verdict, but I have watched. And that is a character of waiting which no feeling man would wish his worst enemy.

And what of the leaden hours which bring the dawn of the last day for the condemned? What of the rattle of key in the lock of the cell, the entry of the chaplain, the grim farce of the final breakfast? Do you believe the condemned eats the breakfast? After the hideous waiting?

Myself, I should think of the time of digesting.

* * * * * * *

Waiting is own brother to Time, and Time cures all things.

So when Time's brother treats you ill, take courage; a little more waiting will see you well again, if not Here, in the near Unknown.

A. G. Storm.

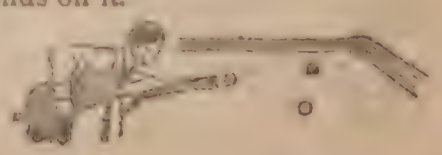
ABOUT BILLIARD-ROOMS.

How often does it happen during the course of a hundred up at billiards for the players, when bringing off strokes at a certain end of the table, to be baulked—and badly, too—by their cues striking the wall of the room when the arm is drawn back? Very often indeed. This, of course, is because the room is in reality not big enough to accommodate a billiard table. It may interest billiard enthusiasts to note the following rule of thumb dealing with the sizes of rooms required for playing with cues of ordinary dimensions.

	ft.	in.		ft.	in.
6-ft. billiard-tables need a room ...	14	0	by	11	0
7-ft. " " " ...	15	0	"	11	6
8-ft. " " " ...	16	0	"	12	0
9-ft. " " " ...	18	0	"	13	6
10-ft. " " " ...	19	6	"	14	0
11-ft. " " " ...	21	0	"	14	6
12-ft. " " " ...	22	0	"	15	0

It is stated on the authority of Mr. Charles Roberts, the well-known billiard-instructor, that by observing the above rule the cueist will be able to play with perfect freedom all round the table.

The matter is worth the attention of anyone who contemplates buying a billiard table, for the enjoyment of the game depends on it.



Where Men Forecather

LIII. THE BACHELOR'S FAREWELL PARTY.

Not so popular as it used to be is the time-honoured custom of a man giving a farewell party to his bachelor friends on the eve of his marriage. And in one respect we have certainly improved on ancient usage.

Formerly the bachelor's farewell party was held the night before the wedding, it was frankly a carouse, and the bridegroom generally appeared next day looking like a boiled owl, and sometimes by no means strictly sober.

Indeed, I remember a now ultra-respectable family solicitor telling me that he was blind to the world when he was married, though that was not altogether his fault. His farewell party had extended almost till it was time to go to church, and at the last moment an alleged pal recommended and mixed a big brandy-and-soda for a "stirrup-cup." The bridegroom was thirsty, and drank off the potion at a gulp, but the false friend had made it three-parts brandy and one part soda, and my friend was married in a sort of alcoholic trance.

Then I remember a bachelor's farewell, where, though the bridegroom contrived to keep sober by dint of pouring most of his liquor under the table, the bride's brother, who was to have given her away next day, got so excessively screwed that he was quite unable to attend the ceremony, and there was quite a lot of unpleasantness about it.

A SOBER ORGIE.

However, the modern man has come to realise that it is not exactly complimentary to his bride to turn up reeking of stale liquor and cigar smoke, and nowadays the last dinner is usually given some days before the wedding. And there is not so much deliberate drinking about the feast. Still, it is an occasion when even the staidest of men feels inclined to let himself go, and the fun is usually fast and furious.

Where shall we have our bachelor's farewell party? In the digs that have sheltered us so long, or in a restaurant? In the former for choice, provided always our landlady has not cut up rough over our impending departure.

It is a man's menu. No kickshaws or "à la's" here. Plain fare, but the best and plenty of it. The soles are soles, not dabs masquerading as such. The round of beef is prime English, home-fed, home-killed, the apple-tart is filled with English apples, and made as only an Englishwoman can make it—the paste fairly melts in the mouth—and the custard is made of eggs, not chemical substitutes. And the cheese is a genuine Stilton. What more could a healthy, sensible man want? Why, something to wash it down with, of course. This is a question we have anxiously debated.

THE QUESTION OF DRINKS.

Champagne? Well, it has its undeniable points, but to our mind they are best appreciated when shared with fair companions. Besides, we shall fairly swim in it, if so inclined, on the "day," for our respected father-in-law-to-be is not a man who does things by halves.

Burgundy or claret, good wines again—the former especially, a man's wine—but no, we feel confident that we know what our pals would like best, and so there is beer, gallons of it. Beer, mind you, not a nauseous mixture of gas, glucose, and arsenic. Real English ale, mellow and strong, soft and brown, though you needn't think we are going to tell you where we got it—that's our carefully-guarded secret. As we have won a few "pots" in our time, there's the best thing to drink beer out of—and that's a tankard, though some prefer a bucket.

There are a few bottles of port, for our pals are healthy men and can put port on top of beer with impunity. To top up with, there are sundry bottles of real Glenlivet, of Irish potheen, a concession to Tim Daly, and eke of Old Jamaica, for Jack Hinton would never forgive us if we deprived him of an opportunity of brewing his famous rum punch.

Altogether we feel rather satisfied with our preparations, and as we give the fire a final rouse-up we recall "her" gentle admonitions not to sit up too late, and promise ourselves we won't.

By gad, here are the lads. They seem to have come in a body and we wonder what they are whispering to Mrs. Bodgers about.

In they come, a jovial, chaffing crew. Evening togs are here barred, but they have changed their workaday togs and are smart, and clean, and fresh. They have brought offerings, our pals, cigarette cases, pipes, flasks, the things that men give each other, and they present them in the furtive, shame-faced way in which men give each other presents.

SIX OF THE BEST.

Small time is cut to waste in preliminaries, however. Selina bears in the fine, fat soles, and in a trice we have drawn into table, and we see around us the cheery faces of our pals. There are just six of them, six of the best pals a man ever had, pals of our boyhood, staunch, honest pals.

Of course, we have to endure a lot of not very brilliant chaff. But, lor' bless you, they are easily amused, our pals, and covert allusions to executions and so on meet with roars of laughter. And they grow reminiscent, and tell half-truthful, half-imaginative tales of our boyhood, speaking as those who should speak at a death-bed.

But we are not feeling at all corpse-like. No, begosh, soles like these and beef like this would put life into a leper, and we give them chaff for chaff and tell them that their turn will come soon enough, and so it will unless the girls about are singularly blind.

It was a noble apple-pie, a Gargantuan dish, but we have made short work of it, and there is a hole in the Stilton about the size of Vesuvius, while we have drunk enough beer to float a fleet of Dreadnoughts.

THE TOAST.

And now we have come to the walnuts and the wine. Jack Hinton raps on the table, and Tim Daly, chosen for his mellifluous tongue, gets on his legs to propose our health. Our health! It is a trying moment, and Tim lays it on thick. Still we hope we have deserved it, when he calls us a "gintleman and a sportsman," for that is the ideal we have always tried to live up to. Then the good fellows are on their feet whooping and cheering for Mr. and Mrs. Peter, with heavy emphasis on the "Mrs." Then there is a tap at the door and Mrs. Bodgers enters bearing an immense brown-paper parcel. They fall on it, our pals, tear away the wrappings, and a magnificent silver salver weighing about half a ton is thrust into my astonished arms.

"A little surprise for you and the missus, old man, from us, you know"; and then they fall a-whooping and a-cheering again, and Mrs. Bodgers has a glass of port, and Tim kisses her and asks her to name the day, and Selina comes in and has a glass of port also, and Tim kisses her, too, and asks her to name the day; and in the midst of all this Bedlam we find ourself on our legs, trying to return thanks. A lamentable performance, but we manage to thank them somehow and to tell them that they will always be our pals, that marriage will make no difference between us—and we are fatuous enough to believe it. And then Tim Daly sits himself down to the piano, and trolls forth the "When we are married" ditty from "The Belle of New York," and we throw a cushion at him; and by the time the football match that ensues is over, it is also time for a nip.

OLD TIMES.

Over the pipes and cigars and grog there is more chaff, more reminiscences, more facetious prophecies. The room grows hazy, so does our recollection of the rest of the evening. We have some faint memory of George Armstrong, the "Sandow" of the party, trying to lift Tommy Tucker with one hand and both of them falling into the fireplace; and we seem to have some recollection of Jack Hinton trying to squeeze a walnut into the famous punch under the impression that it was a lemon.

We remember dimly a final chorus of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," shaking hands with everybody a great number of times and inviting them all to come and stay with "us" for six months, Tim Daly falling into the area, and Tommy Tucker embracing a passing policeman and assuring him he was the only girl he had ever really loved.

GOOD-BYE!

And then we found ourselves alone, and a pleasing sadness fell upon us. We realised, as we had never realised before, that we had come to the parting of the ways, that though we and our pals might meet again and make pretence, the old feeling would be gone. Yes, we had said good-bye to bachelordom and bachelor pals for ever. But through the smoke haze there grew a sweet and winsome face, and somehow our pals ceased to matter.

And then, after trying to put the cat to bed in the coal-scuttle, we went upstairs with great dignity and no little caution. Peter Gilchrist.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

No doubt a good many of the men who read these lines will be sensible businesslike individuals who will need no instruction in the matter of saving money, but in all probability there will be some who, like the writer, were never able to save a shilling of their salaries, in whose pocket, in fact, money burns the proverbial hole.

Well, in such cases, why not try a mild form of self-deception? Say you are earning a couple of pounds a week, why not try to delude yourself into the belief that your total weekly income is thirty shillings? If, in reality, you only had that sum you would manage to live on it, so that an excellent plan is to bank ten shillings or so every week, and try to believe that you haven't had them.

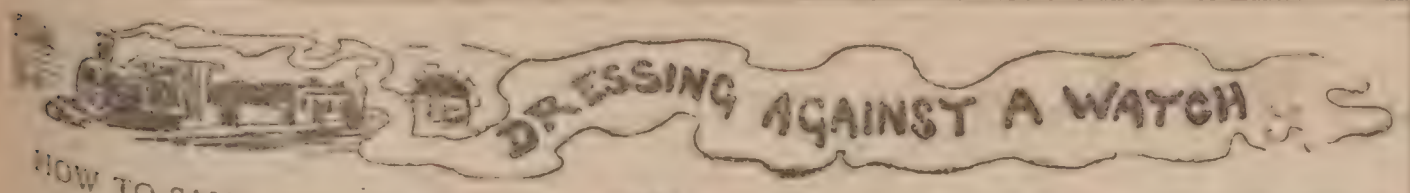
But it is no use waiting till the end of the week to bank the money, for by that time you will have spent it. Put it away as soon as you have drawn your salary, and manage as best you can with what is left.

RALLYING—AND HOW TO AVOID IT.

Rallying, in boxing, is where your adversary manages by deft footwork to manœuvre you into a corner of the ropes and stakes, and then, standing firmly on his two legs side by side, begins to pummel you with both fists alternately.

There is only one way of getting out of a rally, and it has to be done cleverly if you wish to succeed.

When you see you are being edged into the corner, feint a "lead." Your adversary will probably step back, if he really thinks you are coming at him; and then is the time to side-step nimbly. And once out of the corner, take care you are not worked in again.



HOW TO SAVE TIME OVER THE TOILET.

How many men have not longed for someone to invent a machine into which they could put themselves as soon as they got out of bed, and which would forthwith take charge of them and bathe them and shave them, and dress them and brush their hair, and turn them out ready for the business of the day within five minutes?

Unfortunately that ideal will never be realised. The man who can afford to keep a valet, gets the rest to it, but even the human valet leaves something to be desired.

There is more energy wasted in the process of getting up and dressing in the morning than the world can afford to lose. But perhaps it is not fair to say that it is wasted. The world would be a sorry place and an uninteresting one if none of us took the trouble to turn out decently. It is one of the penalties of civilisation, and we have just got to put up with the necessity.

But the dressing process in time becomes almost mechanical, and this makes it seem far less irksome and troublesome.

A GOOD START.

One begins, for instance, on starting in a new house or digs, or on first taking up a new job, to get up betimes and to dress leisurely and carefully and to breakfast at ease, and to catch one's train in comfort. But that does not last long, and the morning toilet becomes a rush and the breakfast a scramble, and the journey to the train a hurried dash. By all the rules of physical culture and the medical profession this is a mistake; but human nature remains the same, and thousands of men go through this programme every morning.

It is useless to tell a man that all this is bad for him. Those few extra minutes in bed every morning seem worth the risk, and worth the rush. But there are two simple methods of lessening the wear and tear on body and mind that the process involves, and of saving time. These are, dressing against a watch and having a place for everything.

But first a tip as to getting out of bed. Many men spring rapidly out of bed as soon as they wake or as soon as they have decided that the last possible moment has arrived, for fear they should be tempted to get back again. This is an extremely bad plan, and imposes a severe strain on the heart. It is far better to stretch oneself, and get out of bed slowly and quietly.

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE TIME.

Having once taken the plunge, keep your watch or a clock always in sight. After a very short time you will get to know at what stage of your toilet you should be at a certain time, and if you are behindhand you can put on a spurt and catch up, whereas if you are ahead of time you can take things easy.

In order that you may really know where you are, it is, of course, advisable to dress according to a regular plan, and to stick to it whatever the method you prefer. Most men do this automatically, but others will sometimes shave before they begin to dress, and sometimes interpose the morning meal at different points of their toilet.

For the bachelor in digs, who has only himself to please and can breakfast comfortably in a dressing-gown, it is not a bad plan to postpone the shave and the final brush-up until after he has breakfasted. The shaving-water is more easily kept hot than the breakfast, and it is better to hurry over the toilet than to bolt one's food and rush at once for the train.

I know a man who has reduced the time he allows himself for his toilet to such an irreducible minimum that he even takes his watch with him to the bathroom so that he shall not waste time there. He has provided himself with a sort of unwritten schedule such as the engine-driver has to go by, and if he is late at one station, he has to do his best to make up for lost time before the next.

Method in the process of dressing itself is one means of saving time, but another is method in putting things away when undressing, and keeping every thing always in the same place. If you know exactly where to look for your collar-stud, or your tie, or your shirt, you will not have to waste time hunting in every corner of your bedroom or in every drawer for them.

The morning toilet is to most men a nuisance that cannot be avoided, and is therefore one to be got through as quickly as possible. But it does not pay to hurry over the essentials. The well-groomed man stands a much better chance in this life than the man who is slovenly, so that it is the time wasted over things that are unimportant or unnecessary that has to be cut down.

JOHN GERVAISE.

OUR INDIAN TOMMIES.

When the struggle comes in India, as come it will one day, the preservation of our supremacy will depend largely on the valour and loyalty of the men of our Indian Army.

The three chief fighting races of India are the Sikhs, Rajputs, and Ghurkas. The first two are splendid men to look at—tall, athletic, and dignified—and the Rajput is probably the finest horseman in the world.

It is really a mistake to talk of the Sikhs as a race, for they are more truly an order, a Sikh becoming a Sikh by initiation, after which he assumes the bangle that betokens his "Sikhship."

The Ghurka is something of a low comedian, always merry and joking, and he is a little brown man, with Mongolian features—he is, as a matter of fact, of Mongolian extraction. For all his merry nature, the Ghurka is a very grim fighter. His favourite weapon is the "kukri," a heavy knife with a broad curved blade. With this he slashes upwards, and he can cut a man in half.

The Ghurkas and our own Highlanders have long been sworn friends, and a mixed force of Highlanders and Ghurkas takes a lot of stopping.

Indian native regiments are very mixed in composition, containing Hindus, Mohammedans, and men of varied races. This is partly a matter of policy, to lessen the remote danger of another mutiny, partly a matter of necessity, as the softer men of the South require a stiffening of the hardier men of the North. Hindus and Mohammedans when thus mixed keep strictly to themselves, and have their own "lines" and native officers.

The pay of an Indian "Tommy" is about sixpence a day of our money.

Our native soldiers are, on the whole, extremely loyal to this country, or rather to the King, for native races must have a person to look up to, and are, for the most part, incapable of fidelity to a mere idea.

OURSELVES.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us! —BURNS.

I suppose we have all at some time or other asked ourselves for the truth about ourselves, and questioned the worth of our answer.

Do we really know ourselves? Are we as honest, truthful, manly, and straight as we ought to be, or are we deceiving ourselves?

Sometimes a candid friend, or otherwise, tells us a little home truth, which is a shock to our self-complacency, but the recovery soon comes, and the world centres on ourselves as usual.

Are we true to ourselves? Can we live up to our ideal and be sure of it?

There is a certain friend of mine, who is a fearful bore. He tries my patience to the uttermost, but perhaps I am easily bored and, maybe, a nuisance to well-meaning people whose aim is to interest me.

My chum and I were talking on this subject the other day, and he said, "Shall we tell each other exactly what we think—no shirking, mind, but the truth about each other?"

"Good," I agreed.

Well, in half an hour I had been told "to cut that silly yarn everyone had heard at least twenty times," "not to look in shop windows at my own reflection," "not to hold my stick in a position which made me look like a monkey on it," and more to the same effect.

For my part, I had told him he was a fearful ass, that to my mind it was effeminate to talk over much about neckties, that I was sure the girl he was hanging round after thought him a fool, which same was quite in accordance with my own opinion.

That settled it. "Old man," he said, "we had better drop this subject or we shall be at loggerheads. Shake."

I didn't feel like doing so, and I told him.

"Well, if you won't," he said, "there's only one out of it. We must be pals, and real pals again."

"What's the way out?" I asked.

"Fight," he said.

We had a friendly spar in the backyard by agreement, in the moonlight. We did use the gloves, but we both recovered our self-esteem. I had a sore ear for days, and my conclusion was that a chum was no use as a conscience-minder.

We are still the best of chums, but I would like to know his real opinion. I know he is the best man, because what I told him of himself was really in retaliation for what he said to me; but then perhaps he was in like case.

There is a girl in my case too. It isn't quite the thing to talk about, but I know she is fond of me—thinks I'm a hero and wonderfully clever. There are times when I wish she didn't think so, because she will learn the truth some day. In the meantime I am practising the part as far as in me lies, and I hope I shall improve, because—she's worth it.

As to whether I shall be satisfied I really do not know; frankly, I don't think so.

There is a certain old gentleman of my acquaintance—a fine old man—and I told him something of this as likely to interest him.

Said he, "Lad, you will never know the truth, and anyway you'll never be the type of hero the novelists write about; it is not possible. You have a whole heap of faults—we all have—and if you did know, you would be quite miserable. Just you go on trying to live as honest as you can. Slander none and help a bit, and if the world don't think well of you, it will not be your fault. But public opinion does not count for everything. If you live up to your mother's opinion, you won't be far wrong."

And that has settled the question for me, and while the dear lady lives I will try to be worth all she and that other think—God bless 'em!

H. WILLIAMS.

The All-Round Mr. Amberly

A RACING SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Dear little Amberly! Whoever saw that perky, diminutive man wearing a frown?

If a "bad day" at Newmarket happens to depress me, I look up Amberly. Now, Amberly, who every morning may be seen taking his constitutional across the heath, rainy or fine, with the merest half-slant of an idea about "watching the jolly old trainers giving the jolly gees exercise, you know"—not that the result of a trial witnessed by accident matters to *him*. Oh, no!

It was Amberly who cheered me up one frosty morning when, with a blank week staring me in the face, I sauntered across the crisp-grassed heath and marked that all around was white and innocent of a single string of equine patricians.

The little man, his big cap slightly atilt and his grey covert-coat buttoned up, half ran by my side to keep up with my long strides.

"Beautiful morning! Beautiful," he remarked. "So much better than beautiful horses, you know. So inexpensive. All free of charge. You are going back to the town; so am I. Therefore we go together? Of course, of course! How are you, dear boy? It's evident! It's as plain as two winning-posts to an inebriated steeplechase jockey. You're off your feed! Why?"

I returned no answer, but strode along.

Already the cockles of my heart were warming. Already I was losing the ever-recurring and bitter reflection that the "pinch" I knew for Wye could not be profited over because frost had put the blue pencil through the programme. (It was certain to have started at fives. I should have won five shillings.)

By my side Mr. Amberly went on bubbling.

"Can't see *what* you've got to look downy about. There's six feet of you to enjoy yourself over. You don't want a front seat at a sportin' ten-round contest. Look what that extra foot saves you!

"Here's me, five feet o' happiness, *not* five feet of artfulness as the late Sir—— (ah, I was nearly mentionin' his name. Names! Don't care for 'em at all, 'cept when the bookies say 'Pay names' after the race, and Amberly is one of 'em on the goods) as the late Sir Anybody-you-like said when I rode second on the favourite in the jolly old St. Leger, and his other starter, a fifty-to-one chance, whacked me on the post.

"Right miserable he was over it, too. Couldn't get a smile out of him for weeks. Just as if any ordinary man wouldn't have been satisfied with the stake, without nettin' the proceeds of gamblin'.

"What happened? Jolly old buffers on the Jockey Club made 'emselves crusty over it. (I *detest* bad temper!) Said I'd been squared to take a pull at Gentle Esmeralda. (Fictitious, sir, totally fictitious.) Result: I resigned the silks and satins of the Turf and took to cultivatin' a corporation.

"That first steak and chips, sir, and the bottle of Guinness! Oblige me by thinkin' of it. An undergrad's first breakin' off trainin' after a boat-race—the first cigarette, or the luscious bottle of cham. to a liberated fraudulent stockbroker, sir, is the only thing that can compare with the memory of that meal.

"Dear old Jockey Club and dear old Sir Anybody-you-like that gave me my liberty from ridin' seven stone on a postage-stamp saddle! Glorious, happy, old Newmarket! Sweet old racecourse!—that nowadays I can stroll upon, fearing not the clang of the saddling bell nor the frown of the starter.

"And my life? That of a gentleman of small means, many horsy attainments, and a little money saved out of years of risin' at six in the mornin' and keeping my bonny blue eyes open.

"Do I hunt? Do I not? Can a duck gobble frogs? Watch me with the drag or the foxhounds. Know the Ferris boys? Jolly boys, sporty boys, grand chaps. Flinch at nothin'—not a bullfinch in the blinkin' country! I'm pals with them, leadin' the field as far as we can without exactly over-ridin' hounds. That's where you'll find the lot of us, unless one happens to be kickin' about in a ditch or stretched out on a gate with a jolly old broken leg or somethin'.

"Fox huntin', sir? I love it. All bar the checks. Hang the fox! say I, then. Get on with it. Be movin', 'stead of standin' about and contractin' pneumonia. Such a nuisance, pneumonia—'less you've got a pretty nurse. Then it's worth it just for the pleasure of bein' convalescent.

"But we aren't the catchin' anything sort (unless it happens to be a tiddler or two on an off day up at Barton Mills). Bang away we go all so gay.

"And the ladies? They smile at me. The men? They curse me, and guffaw in their moustaches, all to no purpose. It's a bit of odds on the Amberly and Ferris combination when we're right out for the gloves. You know the sort of thing. Any amount of Yoicks and Gone Awa-ay!—(Pardon this row, sir)—just to cheer 'em up a bit.

"Master gets excited. Field starts flyin' things and comin' croppers. Muffs poundin' along *very* cautious in the absolute rear and makin' more hullabaloo than beaters at a partridge drive.

"What are we doin'—the Ferris-Amberly combination? Why, just savin' our mounts for the final spurt.

"See me do the circus performance, too! It's the work of a moment to hold on by the knees and shorten the stirrups up to racing height. Then it's Ho! for lettin' out the gallant steed and ridin' *properly*—bein' a help to your jolly horse instead of a hindrance!

"Green? Yes, that's the colour it turns 'em when the Combination gets what I call *goin'*, when the hounds are straight away, and the old fox is slinkin' along his very best pelt.

"Up hill, down dale—glorious, sir (and, if I may say so, far less faggin' than keepin' up to a man with legs like automatic stilts)."

The red-roofed town of Newmarket was nearer to us now. I slackened my pace to accommodate the perspiring, but still cheery Mr. Amberly.

"The only parallel to you," Mr. Amberly went on, "is the tallest man in the squadron of Yeomanry to which I belong, and to which I am honorary riding-master-in-chief.

"Oh—my dear sir—(little slower, thank you)—there are some regular dogs in *our* regiment! Very nutty! Distinctly glorious! *Dis*mounted drill—*no* thank you. But once on the charger and joy is mine.

"Put me on *terra firma*, though, with a rifle at the stand easy, and comparisons are odious. I don't look anything to bet on heavily in the way of height or personal beauty, but I have my uses. I keep the Sergeant-Major in a good temper. He can't curse me without laughin'.

"When he says ''Tention. Dress!' my eye is in line with the next man's second tunic button. 'Fall out, Amberly', says he sometimes. 'You injure one's eyesight.' I fall out accordin', and spend a useful evenin' representing a colonel at a salutin' base.

"Oh, it's balm to my soul to hear the tallest chap in the regiment cussed for laughing, and he blushes like a school-girl, not havin' been trained in *my* school, where the masters are abusive official starters.

"But when it comes to reviews or escorts, I am *it*—in full-dress uniform, with a sort of fireman's helmet and a wavin' plume.

"Take last camp, when no end of a distinguished Brigadier-General reviewed us, and we had to gallop past, somethin' gorgeous, with swords drawn.

"Oh, they say it was a splendid sight! But I didn't see it. Worst of Yeomanry helmets. The Government don't allow for small heads, 'cept in the War Office.

"Of course—oh, I say," Mr. Amberly choked behind his hand. "Some ass pinched the wreathed 'Daily Mail' out of the inside linin'. No sooner did we come to the salutin' point, and were ridin' past at a gallop accordin', than down it comes—the helmet, I mean.

"I saw nothin' for miles. Distinguished General—extinguished Amberly! And—why, here's my little wooden hut—there you are!"

'TWILL SET THE HIGHLANDER AFLAME

It is difficult, even to a man who is thoroughly acquainted with them, to account for the tremendous store that a Highlander sets upon his clan and all its traditions.

In fact it might be said with truth that a Highlander places his clan miles in front of himself, and if you pay his clan a compliment you honour him much more than if you paid that compliment to himself personally.

Particularly in the matter of toasts it is well to know something of Highland predilections and prejudices, for here it is possible to pay your Highland friend a very high compliment.

If introduced to a Cameron, and a friendly glass follows, instead of saying to him "Chin-chin" or "Here's luck," toast him with "Let the hounds come here and get flesh," and he will probably fall on your neck with joy, for that is the English translation of the Gaelic war-cry of the Cameron Clan. There are more Campbells than one, for there are the Campbells of Argyll, the Campbells of Breadalbane, the Campbells of Cawdor, and the Campbells of Loudoun, but all will rally to the Campbell yell of "Cruachan"—the name of a mountain near Loch Awe.

"Gainsay who dare" is the proud defiance of the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, while "Victory or Death."

"Life or Death," shouts the Maclean when he comes to grips with a foe, but sometimes he varies it with "Another for Hector," and that is more for Hector has caused much red blood to flow.

The Frasers have two war-cries—"The Green Field" and "Castle Downie." The Frasers, by the way, are a peculiar clan, inasmuch as they were originally Normans who came over with William the Conqueror and found their way North, there to establish themselves as a Highland clan.

A Mackinnon never forgets to "Remember the Death of Alpin," while "Castle Fowle's above" will set any Munro afire.

The Macphersons will shed their last drop of blood for the sake of the "Black Craig of Clan Chattan," and a Menzies (pronounced "Meng-ies") needs no further encouragement than "Up with the White and Red."

"Standfast Craig Eluichaid" rallies the Grants and "Ard Coille" (the Woody Height) the Macgregor. I have, of course, given the English equivalents of the original Gaelic, which lend additional meaning and ferocity to the war-cries of the great Highland clans.

The Outdoor Aviary

THE BEST WAY OF KEEPING FEATHERED PETS.

Spring is the time to set about putting up the ...en aviary, and very interesting work it is too. ... bird-keeping is as good a hobby to occupy ... spare time as any other.

The first thing to settle on is the locality. This ...uld have a southern aspect for choice. It ...t to be shaded from the sun during the heat ...day, and should be enclosed on the outer sides. ... nice open spot should be selected, not under ...very near to trees, as the damp and drip from ... leaves and branches will soon render the ...ry uninhabitable.

...S TO BE GUARDED AGAINST.

...ice and rats are the natural enemies of birds, ... undoubtedly work great havoc. Whenever ...y are suspected, strict measures must be taken ...id the aviary of them by poison or some other ...ns.

... possible, the floor of the aviary should be ...de of concrete, as this prevents the pests from ...rowing in.

...f course, an aviary can be built against a ...en wall, in which case a lean-to roof is very ... to arrange, and the building of the aviary is ...re simple than if a span roof has to be ...d.

...th regard to size, the number of birds to be ...t must be taken into consideration—likewise ... materials to hand and the expense.

...ut a beginner in the hobby should attempt a ...all aviary first.

...fter choosing the site, commence operations ...marking out the ground space. Then dig a ...e at each corner sufficiently deep to hold the ...ts firmly. These should be of stout wood, ...ed, and should be set, of course, at the same ...el.

... concrete can be used, fill up the holes round ... posts with it, and leave it to set. This will ...p the posts far steadier than if only beaten ... ...d.

...G THE FRAMEWORK.

...fterwards connect the posts with bars of wood ...he two back and the two front posts, and then ... sides; these, when cut to the right angle, can ...secured with screws and plates.

... bar of wood must be placed some feet from ...ground—the height, of course, depends upon ...size of the aviary—across one end, to form a ...el for the door.

...or most aviaries a small mesh wire netting ...uld be chosen—preferably that called half-inch ...h—though much depends on the size of the ...hered inmates. This can be fastened to the ...mework by means of wire staples.

...he woodwork should be painted dark green ...side and a coating of limewash for the inside ... decided improvement from the health stand-...nt.

...he lower portion of the aviary can be made ...more comfortable and draughtproof, if boards ...used instead of wire. Or a couple of layers of ..., if the amateur workman feels competent to ... a bricklayer's tools with any success, make a ...er arrangement still.

...TECTION FROM THE WEATHER.

... situation is very open some such course ... be followed, or, failing this, wooden shutters ... be provided and put up when frost or ... is prevalent.

...ow as regards the inside of the aviary; first of ...well planed wooden perches should be erected, ...lenty of twiggy branches arranged, and a few ...bs in pots will lend greatly to the scene.

...he floor may be covered with gravel or sand, ... grit in some form must be provided. All the ...-shells used in the household should be dried ...e oven and crushed, and kept for the aviary ...

...rs, holly, box, and privet are all useful trees. ...d branches of firs can be used with advantage.

If breeding is looked for, nest materials must be provided, and suitable nest-boxes put up. The small travelling wicker cages in which canaries come over from Germany are most suitable, with some of the bars knocked out. Or little open baskets of various shapes and sizes can be fixed in corners.

Feeding troughs are best made of zinc. Failing these, tin dishes or small china ones will serve the purpose both for seed and water.

Green food, such as watercress, groundsel, or chickweed, must be given fresh daily, and it is a good plan to place a fresh sod of grass or two in the aviary from time to time.

THE INMATE.

The birds must now be considered. These, of course, will depend on the fancy of the amateur, as regards the kinds he intends keeping, and on the size of the aviary as regards numbers.

Hardy British birds are best for the novice to begin with, or he may like to go in for canaries only.

For the latter he must go to a reliable dealer, or else trust his own judgment and buy through advertisements.

For the former, if he lives in the country, he may intend to rely on his own efforts in the way of capture, either in his own garden or by nest-raiding expeditions further afield.

It is also quite possible to keep several finches with canaries in an outdoor aviary, but it must be borne in mind that unless the canaries are quite acclimatised they must not be put out of doors until the weather is warm and settled.

Bullfinches, goldfinches, linnets, and greenfinches are the best adapted for the novice, and these will live in amity with canaries.

DON'T FORGET THE BATH.

A dish large enough for the birds to have a bath when they feel disposed should be included in the paraphernalia of an outdoor aviary.

The gravel should be raked over at least twice a week, and fresh sand and grit given, while the food troughs and drinking pans should be seen to daily.

Other birds than those mentioned may be added as the novice gains experience, if the aviary is large enough to hold them, but there must be no overcrowding.

It is not advisable, either, to keep soft-bills and seed-eaters together.

In conclusion, it may be as well to remark that when contemplating the stocking of an aviary with British birds, the regulations of the divers County Councils should be studied.

It is quite possible to turn a good-sized and well lighted shed into an aviary by taking away portions of the woodwork, and refitting it with wire, but it is essential that it should be perfectly free from damp.

A coating of Brunswick black over the wire netting keeps it in better condition.

C. D. Reeves.

WHEN BILKINS WENT HOCKEY MAD.

A SAD CASE.

I'm a chum of Bilkins, you see, and I thought something was wrong.

He was in a most weird sort of get-up, and there was a wild look in his eyes that I didn't like.

Bilkins is a small man, usually of an inoffensive appearance, but he had an ugly-looking weapon in his hand which he was brandishing in a very formidable manner.

He finally landed me one on my shin. I yelled, and he stopped dead.

"So sorry, old chap," he said idiotically, "it's a miss."

"Miss," I shouted, "you hit me, you fool."

"Ha, ha! a free hit, my boy," laughed Bilkins in reply.

"Put that thing down before murder is done," I said sternly.

"This," said Bilkins, "is my bandy."

"What were you doing last night, Bilkins?" I asked.

"Reading," was the ass's reply.

I turned from him more in sorrow than anger (the pain in my leg was a little better).

It was sad to see a chum going so recklessly to the bad. What had caused this terrible change in him.

"I'm going now," he broke in on my meditations as to his ultimate fate.

"Going where?" I said, thinking he might know the name of his destined goal better than I did.

"To the ground," he answered, pointing to a field in the distance with what he called his "bandy."

"What for?" I wondered if it was my duty to stop him—the river runs by that field, and it is rather deep owing to the recent heavy rains—besides it belonged to a private club.

"To play."

I looked at Bilkins. Yes! I had it—he was going childish at a very early age.

There were buttercups and daisies in that field, I remembered, when I was a kid. Bilkins had forgotten the lapse of years. Poor Bilkins, how terrible. "Does your wife know?" I said, weakly.

"Know what?" Bilkins' voice had an unpleasant cadence about it that rather unnerved me.

"Know that you're going to play with daisies and buttercups in the old meadow?" I managed to get out.

"Well, of all the lunatics that ever were herded in Bedlam," he roared, "you're the biggest. Who said anything about daisies and buttercups? I'm going to play hockey, you embroidered fool you."

Then I had to dodge that bandy seriously, I can tell you, but a free hit came my way intentionally this time.

The secret was out at last.

Bilkins was only hockey mad.

I don't know where he succumbed to the fascination of the game, but he was madder than the maddest hatter that ever caught a March hare when he got on that subject.

And a poorer player never troubled a team than Bilkins. There was not a rule but he broke it, and I don't believe there was a fellow-player whom he had not sampled by a crack of his stick.

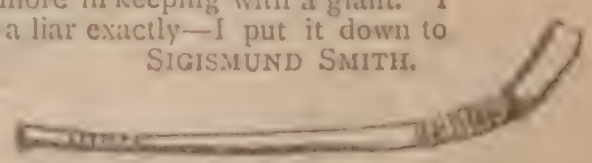
"Bullying" had two meanings when Bilkins played hockey. And when Bilkins is not playing he is talking.

I don't play hockey, so I am his victim generally.

The accounts I hear of his exploits on these occasions are of a most glowing description—Bilkins is evidently quite a champion. The worst of it is they don't tally with those given me by the rest of his team.

When Nature made Bilkins a little man, she ought to have limited the length of his tongue; it would have been more in keeping with a giant. I don't call Bilkins a liar exactly—I put it down to hockey!

Sigismund Smith.



A HAUNT OF PEACE.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

Even in the depth of winter, when every secret place is laid bare by winds and frosts, the spot remains more than half hidden by surrounding trees and by the folds of the valley in which it lies. In summer it is completely obscured by the wealth of leaves, and only those who live within sound of its music could ever guess that such a place existed.

It is far from the beaten track, and the casual wayfarer seldom passes within hearing of the mill-race.

But, winter or summer, it is to me a haunt of peace, and when I long for solitude and a saunter through scenes of restfulness, I leave the road and dip into the valley by a deep-rutted trackway and am soon beyond sight or sound of the village.

On the brow of the hill there comes in sight the mill itself, a place that has stood so long as to seem co-eternal with the surrounding scenery, part of the inherent beauty of the place, with never a brick or door or gable-end to strike an inharmonious note or disturb the sense of quietude that fills the valley.

It is one of those old mills that are left from the days when men lived on the land and by it. The brickwork of its outer walls has weathered to a warm red that has none of the staring newness that clings to bricks for the first fifty years of their exposure. Time has smoothed out all signs of smartness, if ever they were present, and in taking the hue of the kiln fire from the bricks has given them a gentler and a deeper tone.

Cut off from all modern strifes, the mill and its owner live on in harmony. No musty air of decay has yet settled on its aspect, for it is perhaps the only mill whose work goes forward nearly all the year round.

Even with every wheel and stone revolving, and every shaft and cog creaking and groaning, it shows no outward haste to live at any but its own ancient pace. At its busiest moments it is still dignified, almost grand in the leisured manner of its procedure. It makes no fuss about a little extra grist, for it has learned the secret of time, and is content with the day as it comes.

It reaches its busiest moments when a wagon, laden with the newly-threshed grain from off some local farm, draws up beneath the quaint projecting structure with trap doors and a dangling chain.

One by one the sacks are hauled up into those mysterious heights by an equally mysterious and unseen force.

The two great horses stand steaming after the exertion of dragging the load over the uneven track. They munch contentedly, now and again stamping a great shaggy hoof upon the ground.

The soft rumble of the working mill floats out through the doors and window spaces. At intervals a white figure passes within, and above the rumble a note or two of a leisurely song suggests yet fuller measure of contentment.

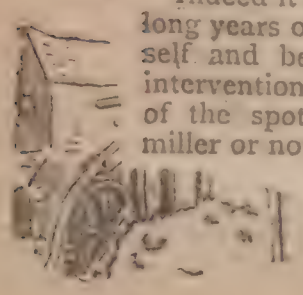
But the mill is most fascinating when the evening falls. As wheel and shaft and belt cease to revolve and the water is diverted to the broad weir falls, one sound gives place to another. The rumble dies away, the low vibration ceases, the rattle of chains is silenced, and as dusk closes early round the mill, the soft musical roar of the water rushing down the weir fills all the neighbourhood. It seems to send a wave of ringing sound up to the very skies and the echo comes ringing back.

A straight mist rises from the frothy pool below as the waters of the weir tumble incessantly into the deeps. The old mill is asleep and the miller has retreated to some isolated portion of the great building set apart for domestic habitation.

Exactly where this is it would be hard to say, for no light is visible from any window.

Indeed it would almost seem that the mill, after long years of steady work, had learned to wake itself and begin the day's work without human intervention or guidance. In any case the peace of the spot is never broken, whether there be miller or no miller.

R. WAKEFIELD.



MY NOTEBOOK.

A READER'S REQUEST.

With reference to some notes which I recently printed concerning a week-end at Oxford, an Oxford reader sends me a post-card with the following information.

"On Saturday night last," he says, "I was by the band in the High Street, when I saw approaching me, in breeches and leggings and a brownish sporting coat, a young man of six feet or so.

"He was wearing a 'M. M.' badge in his cap.

"My friend had good reason to observe: 'He's either got a damned good screw or he's a 'Varsity man', as his clothes showed good taste and quality.

"I learn now from your 'Notebook' that you favoured our decidedly sporting city with a week-end visit. Would you kindly, as a favour, enlighten my friend and me as to whether it was really you we saw?"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

I should not have thought there was much chance of my readers mistaking my personal appearance, as I have already printed a photograph of myself, but it would appear that even those acquainted with that photograph may possibly mistake someone else for me.

Various people whom I know slightly have on different occasions asked me whether I were not in such and such a place at a certain time, and a little consideration has shown me that I was not there, and that the person they saw must have been a sort of double. It would seem that my particular brand of ugliness is largely duplicated, although I have not so far met anybody whom I have considered sufficiently like me to be mistaken for me. I can very well conceive that under certain circumstances it might be very inconvenient for a man to have a really passable double.

I can assure my correspondent without hesitation, however, that the man he saw was not your humble writer. As a matter of fact, when I spoke of my last week-end I was referring to the week-end preceding the moment when I wrote the notes in question. As we now go to press some ten days in advance of publication, my reader may therefore rest convinced that his "Saturday night last" was not part of the week-end to which I referred. Moreover, the jacket I was wearing was not a brownish one, and I do not wear my League badge in my cap, but in my tie.

WHY NOT SPEAK?

I am referring to this post-card because naturally it interested me, and also because, since the publication of my photograph, I have received several letters from readers who say that they think they have seen me.

Whether they have or have not done so, it is impossible for me to say, but I think in future the simplest solution of the difficulty would be that they should come and speak to me at the time, instead of writing to me about it afterwards.

If they happen to be members of the League, they need have no hesitation in introducing themselves, for that is a right which all of us possess as members.

TOM BURGESS, HORSEMAN.

I referred last week to the new series of short stories which is to take the place of "The King of Knaves." These stories will start next week, under the title of "Tom Burgess, Horseman."

It is useless for me to talk about stories that you have not yet had an opportunity of judging, but I think you will find them very acceptable, for I have taken particular pains with this series, and the author and I have discussed the character and his adventures at the greatest length.

I may say that this series deals with the adventures of a horsey free-lance, a young man who is making his way in the world, and who does not care greatly whether he makes a large income provided he can earn his living in some line of business connected with horseflesh.

He is a character who will, I think, appeal to you very strongly.

THE LEGION OF SCOUTS.

The other day there called to see me Mr. A. A. Ames, the Commanding Officer of the Legion of Scouts. He called to thank me personally, as he had already done in writing, for having made it possible for this new organisation not only to fill its London divisions, but also to open branches in the Provinces.

I have already told you how, through the support given to this movement by my readers, a branch has been opened in Birmingham. The latest news is that, owing to the enthusiasm of our readers, two other branches have now been established, one with headquarters at 19, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh, and the other at 18, Lord Street, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, while still further divisions are in contemplation in various parts of the country, including Wales and Ireland.

I may say that Mr. Ames and also his second-in-command, who was the first to come to see me, were wholly unknown to me before I interested myself in this movement, so that I cannot be accused of merely assisting personal friends in the exploitation of their hobby. I have backed up the movement because I believe it fills a want. It provides an opportunity of learning military work and of making themselves useful in case of danger to the country for men who are debarred from joining the Territorials.

This paper has always been a strong advocate of Territorialism, and, such being the case, I receive letters daily from troopers, privates, and officers throughout the country. The majority of these letters simply thank me for the support I give the Force, and assure me that Territorial work is everything I have represented it to be.

These are pleasing letters, because their writers are satisfied with themselves and proud of the service they are doing their country, but I also receive letters which are of a very different character. They are pathetic messages from men who have been refused admission, because their eyesight was slightly below the standard, or who are prevented from joining owing to their hours of business.

I am extremely sorry for those whose hearts are set on military work, but whom circumstances prevent from taking it up, and it is because I know there are so many such in the country that I unhesitatingly give my support to the Legion of Scouts, which will, I believe, supply the would-be soldier with satisfaction.

In the course of conversation with Mr. Ames, I learned that the subscription to the Legion of Scouts, which is a self-supporting force, amounts to only 10s. 6d. per annum, or 1s. per month.

They have sections of various kinds, specialising in different branches of military work. The mounted section are taught by efficient instructors to ride, and Mr. Ames surprised me with the information that each riding lesson costs a man only 2s. 6d.

The uniform has to be supplied by the members themselves, but it need not cost them very much. Most men have a pair of breeches and brown gaiters, but if they do not possess these sporting garments, it is possible to pick up a pair of second-hand Army pattern breeches for as little as 5s.; the leggings are of the brown puttee variety, and can be bought anywhere; brown boots complete the equipment of the nether limbs.

The khaki shirt costs 6s. 9d., made to measure; the slouch hat costs 2s. 6d.; the neckerchief costs 2s.; the leather belt, which is two or two-and a quarter inches wide, need not cost more than a shilling, and the pouch and revolver holster can be added afterwards.

I mention these things because the question of cost naturally influences a man's decision as to joining.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE OLD CHALK-PIT.

ITS FASCINATION FOR THE LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.

Blessed is the man who has a keen terrier, good health, and an old chalk-pit in his neighbourhood. For the three combined will often afford him an extraordinary degree of amusement, when the more strictly regulated occasions for sport are out of his reach either through time or opportunity, or money, or the cursed lack of them all.

The chalk-pits I have in mind are really not pits at all, unless you happen to come across them unawares from the top, and if the fence round their upper edge is broken down, and consequently useless as a warning.

These fences and shrubberies that sometimes dot the slopes of English hills should never be disregarded. Years ago I was careering down a hill and broke through an old fence and past a shrub and a bramble and found myself on the edge of a precipice some 50ft. deep.

It was too late to stop! Fortunately, the slope was not quite perpendicular, and by luck and care I managed to slither down the declivity with nothing worse than torn breeches and a cut on the face that can hardly now be seen.

But this is by the way, and only as a warning to those who may not be quite familiar with the meaning of certain features of the hills. On that occasion I was chasing a rabbit, and, in fact, it was my first introduction to the varied possibilities of a chalk-pit. We have been friends ever since.

For the most part these pits are great semi-circular gashes in the green flanks of the hills. But they are not really disfigurements. Indeed after a few years of weathering they are decidedly pleasing additions to any landscape.

The first attraction that the chalk-pit exercises over the rambler's senses is its extreme quietude. Turning off the hills, out of the blustering sea wind, into the serene atmosphere of the pit, is like entering a warm room after a walk through a blizzard.

No sooner does one enter this quiet haven than one realises that there are many other living things also enjoying its comparative seclusion. It is ten to one that you or your terrier will put up a hare from its "form" before you have explored very far.

On the overgrown bramble-tied mounds there is long grass and good cover, and, but for such infrequent intruders as myself, the hare enjoys long periods of undisturbed comfort. But she is off and away long before we have recovered our wits.

In every pit of any age there are sure to be numerous rabbit burrows, and the chalk can often be worked so easily that the terrier and you together can sometimes take home a plump rabbit or even a couple as a result of the visit.

All round the crumbling edge of the pit, where the thin layer of earth covers the chalk and where the trees and shrubs take root, the rabbits find an ideal home. Their runs in and out of the exposed roots and trunks of the trees are like railways crossing and recrossing, and it is often possible to hunt them with the dog on the top and yourself scrambling along on the chalk, to some practical purpose.

Stoats, too, have a decided partiality for a chalky home, and often an entire family can be rooted out. Stoats dislike tobacco smoke intensely, and it is often sufficient to blow a puff or two into their holes to send them scampering out with their long sinuous bodies and evil-looking eyes into the open, where they give good running sport.

Do not hang too long or too closely over the hole, for stoats are spiteful and savage when cornered and they can bite viciously and even dangerously.

All sorts of creatures, including pheasants and partridges, are given to frequenting the pit at times, and now I never approach one without all my senses alert and ready for an encounter that is sure to have in it some element of sport, and therefore of excitement.

R. B. Byers.

POLLY'S WELCOME.

The Elder had a parrot, which apparently had a fearful past; anyhow, it had a language of exceptional strength.

The Elder did not mind very much as a rule, except when the Meenester called, as he did regularly on Saturday afternoons, to take tea with the Elder and his good lady. Then the parrot's cage, which hung in the entrance hall, was carefully muffled up with a thick cloth, and the parrot kept her remarks to herself.

The Elder ought to have known that the unexpected has a nasty way of happening, and one Sunday evening the Meenester remembered that he had forgotten to discuss a certain point with the Elder on the preceding day; and so, after the service, he made his way to the Elder's house, but the usual precaution had not been taken and Polly's cage was uncovered.

When the servant lass opened the door and the Meenester entered, Polly greeted him with the kind remark:

"Hell of a short week, old cock!"

SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

The big-game hunter was in the smoke-room, and there were present the usual asses, who, being a bit jealous, wanted to pull him down a peg or two.

The big-game hunter sipped his milk-and-soda, stroked his moustache, gazed at the ceiling, but attended to them not.

"And I suppose," said one, "you had lots of wonderful adventures. You succeeded in hypnotising wild beasts with the power of your eye, and so forth."

"I only did that once," said the big-game hunter quietly. "I simply sat down and stared at a tiger which had been pursuing me, for I had no weapon, and the tiger never so much as offered to touch me. You see," he added still more quietly, "I happened to have sat down on the branch of a very tall tree."

And as he raised his glass of milk-and-soda to his lips, the others thought it better to leave him in peace.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

Three of the jurymen had begged to be excused owing to the death of near relatives; half a dozen had claimed "prejudice" in the case to be tried; another couple were doing their best to prove that attendance on the jury would seriously injure their business, and would hopelessly interfere with the opportunity to which they had been looking forward—namely, that of assisting Mr. Lloyd George by contributing their usual quota of income-tax.

It looked very much as if it would be impossible to raise a jury amongst all those householders who had been summoned to attend; but at last the judge discovered a man who appeared to have not the slightest objection. He hadn't a dying mother-in-law to look after, and his business would get on nicely without him, and he had no prejudice or anything else to interfere with his attendance.

"It seems to me," said the judge, "that you are the only man present who has the time and inclination to serve his country as a juryman."

"Thank you, my lord," came the answer. "I've got the inclination and I've made the time. You're going to try John Pink, aren't you? Well, it was he who sold me a horse for £50 that went lame next day, mad the day after, and had to be shot the day after that. Yes, I'm keen on serving on the jury."

But, strangely enough, he also was excused.

JUSTIFIABLE SUSPICION.

Gentleman (in railway train): "How did this accident happen?"

Guard: "Someone pulled the bell and stopped the train, and the boat express ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead."

Gentleman: "Five hours! I was to be married to-day."

Guard (a married man), sternly: "Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?"

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A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CYCLING AND DEVELOPMENT.

Many men make cycling their principal form of exercise—at any rate, out of doors. But there is no doubt that the pastime cannot give a symmetrical development.

It is bound to develop the legs unduly in proportion to the body. The beginner, it is true, may clutch the handle-bars in a grip of iron, and so add to the development of the fore-arm and wrist, but the practised rider rides with his legs and with the least possible exertion of his arms and body.

Not only does the cyclist not develop the upper part of his body in proportion to his lower limbs, but he actually develops the latter at the expense of the former.

It therefore behoves the man who does much cycling whether as a pastime, or on his way to or in the course of his business, to take special care to exercise his arm, shoulder, chest, neck, and waist muscles.

Dumb-bells or Indian clubs are especially to be recommended, or any of those exercises for the arm and body muscles which I am in the habit of giving on this page, and which require no appliances or apparatus at all, beyond such every-day articles as chairs, walking-sticks, and so on.

A TRICK WITH A CHAIR.

It is evident that for this trick you will need a chair that is above the average strength, and that has its back firmly fixed on to the seat, which must, of course, be square.

Set the chair horizontally, so that its front legs rest on the ground, and place a lump of sugar on the back of the top rail.

Now kneel on the two back legs, and grasp the sides of the back with the hands in the position shown in the sketch.

Not an easy feat.

What you have to do is to pick up the piece of sugar in your mouth. Stoop forward gently, keeping your legs as far back as possible, or you will pitch forward and land on your head. It is advisable to place a cushion on the floor as a precaution against the latter catastrophe.

The ecret of the trick is keeping the knees as far back fro n the sugar as possible. They should be even further back than they are portrayed in the accompanying illustration.

You want to lower the head as much as possible by straightening the legs and lowering the whole body simultaneously, and not simply by lowering the shoulders. The weight must be kept as much on the legs of the chair, and as little on the back, as possible.

SOME HINTS.

No doubt readers of THE MODERN MAN will be grateful for a few hints as to improvement in health and physique culled from fifteen years' experience of physical culture as a profession.

Not having too much space at my command, I shall set the hints out, numbered and as briefly stated as possible:

(1) A combination of dumb-bell and chest-expander work is best for the beginner.

(2) Find the right poundage at the outset, and then thoroughly master that pair of dumb-bells before passing on to a heavier pair.

(3) In regard to chest-expander work, first use a light chest-expander, and increase its strength as you progress.

(4) Do not forget the merits of the cold bath, plenty of fresh air, rest, a plain nourishing diet, and plenty of sleep.

(5) Participate in any sport or pastime that interests you—physical culture will help you in your sport, and the sport will help you in physical culture.

(6) Cultivate a hobby, live a clean, natural life, and aided by the above hints there is no reason why you should not become a very strong and well-developed man. T. INCH.

WEIGHT-LIFTING WITHOUT WEIGHTS.

The exercise here illustrated is an excellent one for suppling the leg muscles and for exercising the whole body. It resembles a double-handed lift at weight-lifting, and should be done energetically and not gradually as in a similar exercise that I have given formerly.

Do this as vigorously as you know how.

The heels should be slightly separated, and not, as usual, together. Stand erect, and bend down to grasp an imaginary bar-bell, of which the bar is above the feet. Bend the legs and sink down upon the heels, and then raise the hands, grasping the imaginary bar-bell, to the position shown in the sketch, above the shoulders.

Then raise the hands above the head, extending the arms perpendicularly, and then raise the body to the erect position, drop the arms and repeat the exercise.

Each movement should be done vigorously and smartly, and the hands kept level, as if grasping a rigid bar, throughout.

As you raise the hands above the head, [illegible] the neck backwards so that you are looking upwards. In this way you will be adding to the efficacy of the exercise by assisting the development of the neck.

It is possible to introduce some form of neck exercise into many of the exercises I give, and the reader may add this for himself, but on [illegible] general exercises. Do not attempt to exercise neck and arm muscles separately, for instance, at the same time.

ANOTHER RESISTANCE EXERCISE.

Stand erect and grasp the right elbow with the left hand, as shown in the sketch. The fingers should be just crooked round the elbow, the back of the hand being in front, and the thumb should not be used.

Now press the right elbow outwards, and at the same time pull against it with the left arm. The right arm should be bent so that the clenched fist rests on the left shoulder, and every muscle in it should be tensed in the endeavour to force the right. On the other hand, every muscle in the left arm should be exerted in the other direction.

The back must be kept hollow, and the chest thrown out during this process, but care must be taken that the pressure is exerted sideways and that the arms are not pressed into the body.

The strain must be put on gradually and not with a jerk, and it must be gradually increased until the greatest force of which the muscles are capable is exerted. The will must be concentrated on the tug-of-war between one set of muscles and another.

The biceps and triceps and shoulder muscles will be those principally brought into play. The position of the arms should be reversed as soon as the maximum of pressure has been put on and gradually relaxed.

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M.M.
48.

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THE SPORTSMAN'S BOOTS

LITTLE THINGS WHICH IT WILL BE USEFUL TO REMEMBER ABOUT THEM.

It is a strange fact that the one item of his equipment which the average sportsman—footballer, shooting-man, hockeyite, fisherman, or what not—seems to regard as the least important of all is the very one to which he ought to devote, perhaps, the greatest attention, namely, his boots.

For in certain sports there are definite rules to be observed in the matter of the special footgear used in their enjoyment, a disregard of which rules is apt on occasions to involve dire penalties.

In the case of other sports, where no rigid rule is enforced, it is most advisable, nevertheless, to follow certain rules, both in the interests of one's own well-being and that of one's fellow sportsmen.

In view of these facts, possibly the following article, enumerating one or two important points about sporting footgear, will not come amiss.

Take, first of all, football. In the regulations of the Rugby code, we are told that "no one wearing projecting nails, iron plates, or gutta-percha on any part of his boots or shoes will be allowed to play in a match."

Now, while projecting nails or iron plates are not often found on a Rugger player's boots, it seems to admit of some question whether every man's boots would be found innocent of gutta-percha.

In the rules of the Association game it is stipulated that "no player shall wear any nails, excepting such as have their heads driven in flush with the leather, or metal plates or projections, or gutta-percha, on the soles or heels of his boots, or on his shin-guards." Bars or studs must not project more than half an inch, and their fastenings must be flush with the leather. Bars must be transverse and flat, not less than 1½ inches in length and ½in. in width. Studs must be round, not less than ½in. in diameter, and must not be conical or pointed. The penalty for infringement of this rule is instant dismissal from the field of play during the rest of the match.

The terms of the rules of hockey with regard to boots are apparently less stringent. It is simply stipulated that "no player is to have any metal spikes or projecting nails in his boots or shoes." But in the matter of bars and studs on the soles, the rules of Association football are fairly closely followed.

Tennis, cricket, lacrosse, running—all these require a special kind of boot or shoe, and the boot-cupboard of the man who plays many games must be a well-stocked one.

It is pretty long odds that thousands of our readers who live in Wales or Cumberland, or among the Cheviot Hills or the Tors of Devonshire, not to forget the ranges of Gloucestershire and the Pennines, are keen on ascents varying in their arduousness in proportion with the mountainous character of their particular districts.

But it is equally long odds that the majority of these enthusiastic mountaineers are not suitably equipped in the matter of footgear. Many will wear stout golfing brogues or thick walking boots; and thus possibly court severe accidents. They should have boots specially made for them, fitted with a row of flange-headed iron, *not steel*, nails round the edge of both soles and heels. But few English cobblers know how to make a good climbing boot, so that the necessary directions should be very carefully explained to them.

Men who go in for duck-shooting on marshes in a punt should never be without a pair of "mud-pattens." By their means one can often walk about on the marshy ooze, which would not otherwise bear one's weight. The simplest form is two flat pieces of wood to each foot, one under the sole and one under the heel. Holes are bored in each, to allow of their being tied round the instep and ankle.

Such "pattens" can be very easily made by the sportsman himself; but for those who prefer to buy them ready-made a much more elaborate, but little more serviceable pattern, can be had from most sporting outfitters.

C. D. NORRIS.

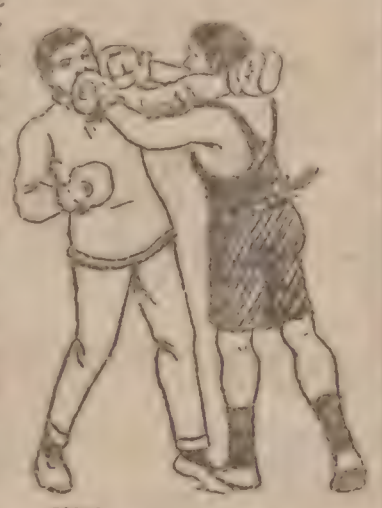
BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

TENTH LESSON.

The next hit we come to, number nineteen, is in many cases an extremely useful hit.

It is what is called a double face hit, and with certain antagonists it enables you to put a very rapid termination to an actual fight or a prize contest.

There are some men who, perhaps owing to abnormal development of their abdominal muscles, can take almost any amount of punishment on the body, although a sharp punch on the chin or on the jaw will bring them to book promptly. In the case of some boxers, on the other hand, and particularly in the case of coloured boxers, any amount of punishment can be borne about the head, and the only hope of knocking such a man out is to go for his body.



XIX.—A double face hit.

Undoubtedly it was this comparative immunity in regard to face hits that saved Johnson from the scientific but, in this case, useless blows of Tommy Burns.

In fighting, you must always use your common sense, and you must judge whether your antagonist is most susceptible to body blows or face hits, and act accordingly.

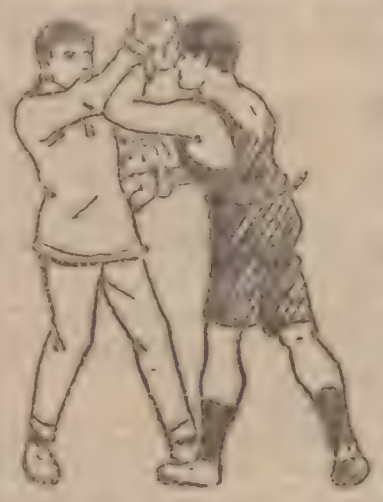
In the nineteenth hit he leads off with his left, and you duck, as already described, allowing his glove to pass across your left shoulder and just to clear your left ear. As you duck you step in sharply, and deliver your left on his chin and your right on the back of his left ear.

This hit is a very telling one if properly brought off, but it cannot be used successfully unless you have spent a great deal of time practising it.

In all hits, and in the case of ducking hits particularly, you must be able to bring off the guard and counter automatically, and without having to waste time by stopping to think what you are going to do.

The great danger of such a course of lessons as that which I am giving you is that many pupils are liable to suppose that a knowledge of the hits will ensure their success in fighting.

A knowledge of the hits is not by any means sufficient; you must back up this knowledge by the most assiduous practice in order that every hit shall be at your fingers' ends; you must be able and ready to work off each and every one of these hits without having to pause for a single fraction of a second.



XX.—Guarding his right, with a suitable counter.

We next come to one of the best ways of guarding a blow when he leads off with his right. I shall have several other guards and counters to describe to you in this connection, but we must take them one by one.

In the twentieth hit he leads off with his right. You guard his blow with your left fore-arm, keeping the palm of your glove well to the front, so that the fleshy part of your arm strikes his.

As you guard his blow, parry his glove slightly to your left, and at the same instant step in and deliver a body blow directly on his belt.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

GUSH.

A STUDY OF SOME OBJECTIONABLE M...

Most men know and avoid the gushing gi... but perhaps the gushing man is even mo... objectionable. After all, it is not altogether di... agreeable to be "purred" over by a pretty woma... but if there is one thing a healthy man ... stand, it is to be gushed over by one of his own s...

Bare-faced flattery is one of the characteristi... of the gusher. A real gusher, by the w... according to my dictionary, "an oil-well that ... not need to be pumped," and, on the whole ... definition fits the human gusher very well.

He is full of an oily flattery, which flows out ... torrents at the least provocation, or with none ... all. The gusher tells you to your face what ... great, charming, clever person you are. ... times he even praises your good looks, and ... spires you with a profound desire to kick ... from here to Timbuctoo.

Often he apes a nauseous humility. He te... you what a privilege it is to meet you; ... descants on your greatness and his own unwor... ness, and he keeps on telling you how pleased ... is until he makes you feel sick.

If you have him to your house, he gushes ... you to your family or the other guests. ... gushes about the food you give him, about t... liquor and cigars, about your possessions, a... keeps on telling you how much he is enjoyin... himself until you are infinitely sorry you invite... him.

But, as has been remarked, a gusher is an ... well that does not need to be pumped, and ... brings us to another type of gusher—the man w... tells you all about himself within five minutes ... making your acquaintance.

His family history, his business, his ambition... all the incidents of his life—he rolls them out in ... steady stream. There is no need to pump ... your only hope, and a faint one at that, is that ... will eventually pump himself dry.

Then there is the gusher who won't allow ... to enjoy an attractive scene, play, or book ... peace. He must gush about its beauties to y... and describe just how they affect his inmost fee... ings.

"Reticence" is not a word to be found in hi... vocabulary, and he tells you things that most peo... keep to themselves.

He is painfully frank about himself, and see... to delight in revealing his weaknesses.

There is the gusher in sport and games. ... praises your achievements in extravagant terms ... and talks and talks in a never-ending flow. Som... times he talks about himself, though, to do ... gusher justice, it is more usually you w... eulogises.

But he is fond of gushing about the glorious ... and the scenery, and how such a morning make... him feel good.

The gusher, for all his flattery, rarely credits ... you with any gift of perception, and he has a ... passion for stating the obvious.

He is, in short, something of an ass, but he is a ... good deal more of a bounder.

He has no respect for himself, but he has an ... exaggerated and unmanly respect for others.

He is, perhaps, most trying in moments of affli... tion, when he persists in gushing forth the sym... pathy he feels for you. Real men seek to ... the sorrow they feel for you: the gusher ... his in torrential floods.

Undignified effusiveness, want of self-respect ... and self-control, and sickly sentimentality ... are the characteristics of the gusher, and they ... even more objectionable in a man than in a ... woman.

M. BRUCE.

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Business is Business

AGENTS.

POINTS IN WHICH THEY FALL SHORT OF PERFECTION.

The utility of the agent is [illegible]ited, in whatever line of [illegible]ess he may be, but my [illegible]aintance with business [illegible]s me that agents are not, [illegible] rule, sufficiently acquainted [illegible]h the commodities in which they deal.

Not very long ago I desired to take out an insurance policy, and, instead of applying direct to one of the large companies, I thought I might take this opportunity of doing a good turn to the son of a neighbour of mine who had recently taken up insurance work as a sort of side-line.

I knew I should be losing nothing, for, as an ordinary member of the public, it would not be possible for me to secure the discount which would be given to him as an agent. I should pay no more by taking out the policy through him, but the company would receive less, the difference going into his pocket.

It seemed a chance for me to do him a good turn without doing myself any harm; but events soon showed me that I was put to much trouble which I should have avoided if I had acted without an agent as intermediary.

I wanted a policy to cover me, at a heavy rate, against illness or accident. My life was already insured, and I did not want a second insurance of that kind.

I explained this to the agent, told him exactly what I wanted, and a few days later he came to see me, bringing with him many printed forms and pamphlets, which he did not understand.

He had blundered stupidly in what he had told the head office, and the amount of the premium he demanded was ridiculously high. Upon investigating matters I soon saw that this premium was not for illness and accident only, but also for life, and it was therefore necessarily much higher than it need have been.

It took me close upon a fortnight to get this matter arranged, for I had practically to explain to the agent all those things that he ought to have known about his business in advance. If I had applied direct to the insurance company, instead of bothering about him, the matter would have been concluded in a couple of days.

This is but one illustration. You find newsagents who are unacquainted with the nature of the publications they sell; you find horse agents who do not even know why a horse contracts a curbed elbow, and who, instead of trying to meet a customer's requirements, simply take him from every stable to another, have certain horses trotted for his inspection, and pour into his ear such phrases as "Capital mover!" "Doesn't know how to do wrong," and so forth.

In fact, it must be admitted that there is a great lack of competence or exact information among agents as a class.

That is a great pity, because the agent is a public servant of the public, and he ought to be something more than a mere drawer of commission. He ought to be a friendly adviser to each of his clients, helping them to save money, and assisting them to decide, so that what they get may suit them exactly.

When agents realise this fact they will find their agencies pay them better, and they will have less cause to complain of the public refusing to deal with them and going direct to the fountain head.

R. A. Macnaughten.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —Editor.)

IN GENERAL.

Business in the stock markets is improving all round. It is long since we experienced such a cheerful Saturday session as the one just passed. Every section shows indications of the improvement.

"CAN. PACS."

There is some curious talk going on about Canadian Pacifics, and it is rather "tall."

Personally, I am not disposed to think that they are going to 250, while quite prepared to believe that better prices are in store.

Anyhow, there is no reason why readers should not "bull" and take their profits, without backing the gossip.

HOME RAILS.

The Cinderella of the Stock markets—the (of late years) ignored and despised—shows signs of the general revival of interest. As I said last week, I anticipate better prices all round.

RUBBER.

Rubber shares are once again the feature of the Industrial section. Present prices in sound shares will be improved on considerably. But it must be a sound concern.

MINES.

Among mines—Kaffirs or Rhodesians particularly—the leading counters are good for a rise in the immediate future. But in my opinion the revival will not affect the rank and file.

W. J. (Rawtenstall).—Re value of life insurance policy. It would be practically a speculative investment, and in the circumstances I should not like to express an opinion. Write to some newspaper which makes a feature of insurance queries.

G. R. (Epsom).—Cut your loss, and sell.

FARROW'S BANK, "P." (Birmingham).—I see no reason why you should not deposit your money with this bank. Five per cent. is good interest, but it is, of course, subject to six months' notice of withdrawal. It is a small bank, and there is slightly more risk than with a larger concern, as they have to pay you five per cent.

H. B. (West Kirby).—Have nothing to do with the firm you name. The proposition is not a sound one, nor should I advise you to entertain any proposition they offer you.

F. E. J. (St. Albans).—I know nothing of the firm you name, but to cut off abruptly your transactions in such a way as you suggest without any further information would not be good business. Forty per cent. return on your payments is not good enough, and I should advise your putting the position as plainly to them as you put it to me. Ask for a balance-sheet, and then write to me again.

J. C. (Reading).—I am glad you consulted me. Have nothing to do with the firm whose "literature" you found; they are rogues, and I shall expose them publicly very soon.

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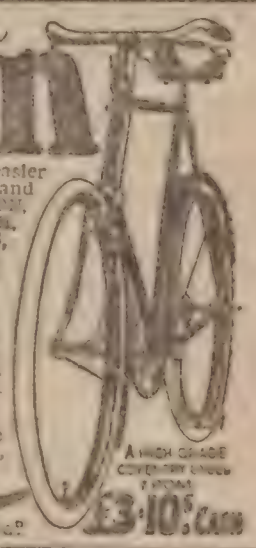

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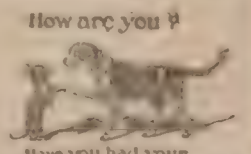

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THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

XII. A DOUBLE EVENT.

It was past 2 a.m. when I heard the outer door of the flat opened and Ferris's feet along the passage.

I had kept a cheerful fire burning, but it had been the only cheerfulness in the room for the past two hours.

I can see Ferris before me now as he looked when he entered, his open topcoat showing the glaze of the shirt-front beneath, a smile lurking somewhere in his handsome, fascinating face, the sudden lifting of his brows as his clear eyes lit on me.

"Still up?" said he.

"Evidently."

"Bed lost its charm?"

"I was anxious."

"About me?"

I nodded.

He regarded me understandingly for a moment, then discarded his coat and hat, and sank into his armchair.

"Seeing ghosts, eh?" he added, drawing out his cigarette case.

"I'm always seeing 'em," I said, through my teeth. "I'm never out of your company but I'm imagining something has happened—something leaked out—that you've been taken——"

"Nerves, old chap. Like most people, your troubles are principally those that don't come."

"It's the perpetual uncertainty," I said weakly.

Already, as always, his imperturbable bearing was putting my craven fears to shame.

"Just so." He had taken a cigarette from his case and was twisting it idly in his fingers, watching me all the time. "What you want is a dose of real, live danger to stiffen you up."

"I should welcome it," said I. "So long as I can see my enemy before me I can face him with a fair show of courage."

The cigarette case closed with a snap.

"You shall have it," said Ferris. "I'm under suspicion."

"Suspicion! You!"

I shot forward in my chair, staring.

"Even I. I've been closely shadowed for the last fortnight, and so have you. I've been shadowed to-night, from Parliament Square on leaving the House to Mellisham's, and from Mellisham's here to the very courtyard of the Mansions."

"Great saints! But why didn't you tell me before?"

"What was the use? We've been as innocent as turtle-doves ever since Parliament opened, and I saw no reason in needlessly disturbing you."

"But are you *sure?*"

"My dear Burke, I can smell a tracker like a camel smells water. That was another reason for not telling you. You'd have been sure to turn round, and that spells guilt in block-type capitals."

"Then why tell me now?" said I, unpleasantly.

"Because, old chap," said he, with that winning good temper of his, "we're going to prove their suspicions baseless and unworthy. If you and I can't effectually fool Scotland Yard, then it's time we chucked up the game and made room for better men."

"But with Scotland Yard on the doorstep!" I exclaimed, for even his nonchalance seemed wanton and foolhardy at the moment.

"Bless you, we're not the only ones. We are suspects in exceedingly distinguished company. Even my respected father, the Earl, is not exempt. It's all the result of that 'Varela' picture incident. So far as finite judgment can decide, we and the pater and a few others were all that could know of the Duke of Surrey's secret plan to circumvent the 'Knave.' Ergo, we're worth watching.

"As regards ourselves it is nothing deeper than that just now, but, as we can hardly engage in other diverting enterprises while under such affectionate observation, it will be just as well to shake it off for good and all."

"If we can," said I, very doubtfully.

Ferris's expression was a study in subtle humour—humour at my doubts; humour, I am sure, knowing his devil-may-care nature, at the peril we were in.

"Stand up," said he. "Now back to back with me."

He turned his head to see our reflection in the mirror of the overmantel.

"Of a height, you see," he said placidly. "Now come here."

He put an arm over my shoulder and drew me up to the mirror, so that we were staring at two faces.

"The same shape of head and face," he went on softly, "both blue-eyed and cleft-chinned. Your nose is slightly different and lips thinner, and your hair is lightish, while mine is dark. But similar—similar. It was the first thing that struck me in this very room that night we renewed acquaintance. As you came back after your bath, cleaned up, a new man, it was *the* first thing."

He spun me round to face him, and his eyes were magnetic, and his voice quivered my nerves as though to the sound of a violin.

"Burke," said he, "I could make you up so much like me that you'd be startled."

I had been mystified by his curious behaviour till now, but as his meaning and intention dawned on me, together with their stupendous possibilities, I stepped back in amazement.

"A dangerous game," he went on. "There's nothing so difficult as to make an impersonation life-like. I can do it, but I believe I've got an interchangeable soul. Duplicating the gait is hard, but duplicating the voice is hardest of all. But you shall risk it, if you will—for one hour."

"For one hour," I echoed mechanically.

"Yes. For one hour to-morrow you shall be the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P.—if you will. And it shall be a non-speaking part, given a little help of the beneficent gods."

"To-morrow," I repeated stupidly. "Where?"

"Where? Where else but in the member for Mid Forthshire's proper seat in His Majesty's House of Commons?"

"Good Lord!" I said devoutly.

Ferris laughed with glee, and plumped me back in my chair.

"You're mad," I said.

"All genius is madness, and this idea is a lump of virgin genius itself. All it wants is nerve and coolness and that spirit to laugh at the devil which I know you possess. You've got to forget for one hour that you possess any other body and mind than that of Ferris, M.P. You must *be* me, you understand, not Burke masquerading as me. Will-concentration, I can tell you from experience, is capable of almost magical power. Well?"

Perhaps it was because he had been subjecting me to the battery of his will-power for the last half hour; perhaps it was because I am Irish and impulsive. Anyhow, all I know is that I jumped to my feet and told him in a torrent of words that I could do it, and I would do it, then, and as many times afterwards as he liked.

He heard me out, the covert smile belying the exultation in his eyes, and spoke patiently.

"Not many times, Burke," said he. "The risk is too razor-edged to be handled with impu[nity]. But just this once."

"And you?" I queried. "What are you [going] to do meantime?"

"I'm going to put salt on the tracker's tail. [That's] that's all you need know about it, because fr[om] half-past five to half-past six to-morrow night y[ou] have got to believe that there is no such perso[n] the world as Monty Ferris—except yourself."

II.

He would not speak any more about it t[hat] night. I was to go to bed, and sleep, and forg[et] all about it, and, so remarkable was his influen[ce] I think that I did both successfully.

Nor would he discuss it in the morning, b[ut] left me with enough secretarial work to keep [me] occupied until lunch time, and strict injunct[ion] not to turn round on my way to meet him at the club at one o'clock.

How the smallest detail of that day is imprinte[d] on my memory!

I cannot tell all, because it would only [be] narrative of uncertain heart-throbs, of screwed [up] nerve tension, of a singular detachment of [my] though something had already hoisted my [per]ality out of my body and left it hovering [and] watchful, awaiting the hands of this weird sculp[tor] to fashion the clay as he willed.

Indeed, as I look upon it all now, I cannot [but] think that I was in a state of semi-mesmerism.

Ferris was punctual at lunch, and in his norm[al] gay spirits. As from a distance I heard [him] relating the trifling events of the morning, [the] in the Row, whom he had met, what they [had] said, and heard my own casual remarks in re[ply].

It was the same when we strolled back [to] flat towards half-past two. He talked [and] listened with strange indifference. A wise [man], we are told, keeps his mouth closed and [learns] nothing, but I think he is a wiser who talks [and] says nothing. Ferris's talk was all about nothing.

But he sank into a concentrated absorption when we were in his rooms and he was at work [on] my face. For more than an hour I lay back [in] chair, a human canvas under the pencil and [fingers] of an artist. Then he bade me stand up and [look]. Not even a wizard could have more wonderfully and perfectly transformed the homely features of Terence Burke into the counterpart of Ferris which stared back at me from the mirror.

"I'd no idea you were so good-looking," said I ungraciously.

"You or I?" said Ferris, with boyish delight in his handiwork.

Then, relapsing into seriousness again, he marched me up and down the room, rehearsing and rehearsing, until indeed my innermost self seemed to take on the vague form of Ferris, and my own identity to have escaped me.

"You'll do," he said. "Look at the clock. Ten minutes past five."

And he blew down the speaking-tube to the porter to order a hansom.

Then, and not till then, did he give me instructions, explicit and mercifully few.

I was to avoid conversation unless it was forced on me, and in this event I could simply state [that] be monosyllabic. He often was himself.

I knew his seat and the way to reach it. I was to proceed through the lobby and directly to it, there to sit gazing into nothingness until [the] Ben chimed the half hour after six. Only [no] important business was on that day, a debate about some Bill whose name I have forgotten, and the House would probably be half empty, and [he] anticipated no division. If there were I was to vote with his Party.

"No one will take the least notice of you," were his last words, "and remember that the very last possibility on earth is for you to be other than you seem. Should the unexpected occur, look to you to meet it. At the worst you'll only enhance my reputation for eccentricity."

Again I spare you the details of that unexampled experience. I went through my part with the unconscious consciousness with which the accomplished actor goes through his.

The lobby was almost deserted as I passed through. One among a group of men nodded

...ad I nodded in return. Another, hurrying out, ...aid something in passing, and I nodded again. ... bowed to the Speaker and made my way to ...erris's—to my—seat, pausing once to favour ...with a cold stare a slumbrous gentleman whose outstretched legs were an obstacle to progress. I ...spect his politics were the same.

Then, for what was like an eternity, I listened ...o a white-tied man with a rasping, petulant voice ...and an admonitory forefinger. After which some...body else shot up, as by a released spring, and ...began to expostulate wearily.

I had a shock of remote surprise when a ...scattered chorus of hear-hears arose, and another ...when I heard half-past six toll. After all, I must ...have been interested—or had I lost count of time?

"Rollason laid it on pretty thick," said the ...er on my left as I passed him.

"It's a habit of bricklayers," I replied at ...random, a remark which made him guffaw unac...countably.

Three minutes later I was in the street hailing ...a taxi, and in another five minutes Ferris had me ...by the arm and was conducting me to the bath...room.

"Not a single word till you've tubbed," he com...manded. "Use this shampoo for your head. All ...right, I can read success in your phiz. By jove, ...Burke——" and he clapped my shoulder—"we've ...caught it off the neatest coup of our career this ...night!"

"How much have *you* done?" said I, rather vain-gloriously.

"Merely pinched a couple of thousand pounds-...worth of the prettiest sparklers you could ever ...wish to see," said Ferris.

And in the silence of my amazement he pulled ...out of his trousers pocket a scintillating handful ...of diamonds, waved them under my nose, and ...replaced them with a flourish.

It may sound foolish, but for a moment I was ...disappointed. I had so wanted all the glory of ...this episode for myself. Then the folly of my ...regret struck me, and cupidity and curiosity took ...its place.

"Wherever did you get 'em from?" I asked.

"Messrs. Routledge's, jewellers, of Bond Street, my boy."

He was smiling, characteristically enjoying my mystification.

"You mean to say," said I incredulously, "that you entered their shop as a burglar at six o'clock ...the evening?"

"No; as a customer. Or, to be exact, as the friend of a customer."

"Disguised, of course?"

"No; as myself."

"I give it up," said I, after a vain endeavour to read his secret in his face, and I went on with my undressing.

"I imagine Scotland Yard will, too," said Ferris. "But I'll tell you all about it when you're yourself again. At present you remind me of a petrified interrogation mark."

"You'll find your toggery laid out on the bed," he called, as he went out into the sitting-room.

He was playing a nocturne of Chopin's when I joined him, and I heard him through. Then he took up his stand on the hearthrug, and with an elbow on the mantelpiece rendered a nocturne of another kind. And I, in an armchair, soothed by my ablutions and the sense of work accomplished, listened, with eyes that never left his face.

"I only thought of it yesterday afternoon," he began. "It was when I met Mellisham, and he asked me to accompany him to select some jewellery. His niece—Jack Davenport's eldest, you know—is getting married in a few weeks' time, and his wife had decided to give her a pendant. The woman usually settles these things, you may have noticed, and the man pays.

"Well, one's political chief must be humoured, and besides, I've got quite a lamentable weakness for jewellers' shops. Mind you, my inspiration didn't come until we were faced by a suave sales-man who was eloquent in favour of diamond brace-lets as opposed to pendants at half the money.

"Mellisham's wife, you see, was out of town, and wasn't coming up till to-day, and she had written to Mellisham to ask him to choose a selection to be sent round to their place this evening, when she might inspect same at her leisure. She is a lethargic and obese lady, Burke, which explains.

"Well, though Mellisham is a tower of strength as a statesman, he was like putty in that sales-man's hands. It was quite an object lesson in limitations.

"To make matters worse, I chipped in while he was hesitating between pendants and bracelets with a suggestion that a necklace might be more acceptable. There was a charming one there at three-fifty, and, truth to tell, the array of glittering wealth was making me feel extravagant. The bracelet, by the way, is in my pocket now.

"Well, the upshot of it all was that specimens of the three varieties were picked out and set aside to be delivered at Mellisham's at seven to-night. My plan, long before this, was clear as any photograph in my mind, so I added to the heap a pendant at five-and-seventy which took my fancy, just for luck. Then we departed.

"Apropos, Mellisham captured me on leaving the House last night and took me home to preach to me about my political career. It was a privilege that a score of other young men in the party would have sold their shirts to enjoy.

"He could make something of me, he said, if only I would consent to become more common-place. It was a wise saying, if you squint at the inner meaning of it.

"But that's digressing; though there's little more to tell. Ferris was at the House this after-noon for the hour you wot of, and Ferris, remark-ably enough, was also at Routledge's just after six to say that he had called at Mellisham's request to take the jewels selected the previous afternoon. Well, he can't be in two places at once, so which was which?"

"That's a question you may find it embarrassing to answer," said I, somewhat grimly.

"Embarrassed! I shall be shocked, old chap. I sha'n't be able to remember for several agonising seconds where exactly I was at the time this audacious robbery took place. For robbery it un-questionably was, as you will see by reading this."

And he drew one of the now famous letter-cards from his pocket.

"The King of Knaves," he read solemnly, "begs to thank you for the packet of jewellery handed over this evening for the account of Andrew Mellisham, Esquire.

"That," continued Ferris, "will be read by Messrs. Routledge with much dismay in the morning."

"But how do you know it won't all be discovered this evening?" I asked.

"It won't be, because Routledge's close their doors at seven, and the suave salesman promised to deliver the goods on his way home. Not that it would matter a rap if it were. All you've got to bear in mind is that I left here soon after five for the House and was back again towards seven; and that you personally did not leave the flat after entering it at three o'clock until we went to the theatre in the evening.

"Come along! I've got stalls at Daly's, and we'll dine at the club."

He went into the bedroom to store the plunder in the place of his own devising, and reappeared, handsome and debonair as ever.

A thought had occurred to me in the interval.

"How did you get out and in?" I asked.

Ferris gestured towards the window.

"That way in," he said. "The front way out. Surely you know that the Mansions's staff is changed at five-thirty."

"But the spy outside?"

"He was after you, if he was there. And his testimony will be as invaluable as any in case of eventualities."

"Was it all worth it?" I queried.

"My dear chap, desperate diseases . . ."

"Yes, and the remedy may fail."

Ferris took my arm and nipped it as we went out.

"I laughed my ghosts into oblivion long ago," he said. "Why don't you?"

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—Editor.]

"FINESSING."

HOW "HEAD-WORK" MAY TELL IN GAMES AND SPORT.

Finesse plays an important part in sport and games, and—but, hold on, first of all, what is finesse?

According to my dictionary, finesse is a "subtlety of contrivance"; "an artifice"; and to finesse is "to use artifice," and I can hear some ultra-sporting readers exclaim that if that be so, then we don't want any finesse in sport, that sport should be all square and above-board.

Well, that is a fine sentiment, but if all be fair in love and war, a certain amount of artifice is justifiable in sport, and indeed adds to the excite-ment and enjoyment thereof.

Of course, all is *not* fair in war, and the "Customs of War," that partly written, partly unwritten code which regulates warfare between civilised combatants, furnishes some striking examples of fair and unfair finesse.

For instance, it is entirely allowable, and a very ancient artifice, to send out a dispatch-rider carrying false dispatches and with orders to allow himself to be captured. This is fair finesse, because the enemy takes, or anyway thinks he takes, your man by force, and he must take the risk of the dispatches being faked—you do not guarantee them as genuine.

The employment of spies again is justifiable, but to send one of your men over to the enemy *in uniform*, with orders to pretend to be a deserter or traitor, with the intention of deserting back to you as soon as he gets the information you want is not finesse, but a dastardly act.

A soldier in uniform is assumed to be an honourable man, and your foe must treat him as such, and therefore he must not be used for treacherous purposes.

And coming to sport, there is justifiable and unjustifiable finesse.

For example, the boxer who pretends to leave himself unguarded in order to draw his opponent into an incautious lead, in no way offends against the canons of good sportsmanship. It is a legiti-mate manœuvre, for it is your adversary's busi-ness to guard against surprise. He thinks he has got you, and if he is mistaken, well, that is his lookout.

A favourite manœuvre with unscrupulous pugi-lists is when shaking hands at the start of a fight to grasp their opponent's, give him a smart pull forward, and then to punch or jab him with the left before he has time to recover his balance or to get away. That, however, is not finesse, but a dirty trick.

Finesse consists partly in deceiving your oppo-nent as to your intentions, partly in concealing your real strength.

Finesse in one aspect, then, is simply feinting, and nobody thinks the worse of the Rugby three-quarter who feigns to pass or pretends that he is making across the ground and suddenly swerves in between the backs.

One mark of a good card-player is his skill in finessing. Whist furnishes one common example of finesse. Say you are a second player, and the dealer leads, say, a small heart. You hold ace, queen of hearts, and you finesse by playing the queen. If third player has the king, of course he will make it, but your ace will probably still make on the second round of hearts.

On the other hand, if dealer has the king, your queen makes and you have a good chance of catching his king with your ace when hearts are led again; while if your partner has the king, your queen still makes, you are left with the command of the suit between you and your adversaries do not know where the ace lies.

In running, the man who can stay but not sprint, finesses against the sprinter who cannot stay by setting a pace which will leave the latter "sprintless" at the finish, while the non-stayer, on the other hand, does all he can to save himself for a final effort.

Finessing, in short, is a contest of wits and judgments, and, fairly played, an exhilarating and enjoyable game.

M. Winley.

ON THE CITY

A SKETCH.

By S. B. WORSFOLD.

At Mansion House Station on the Underground Railway he literally tumbled out of the train.

I assisted him to rise, and then picked up his ancient bag, which gaped open. Together we rescued the red-printed slips that, scattered on the platform, stood in imminent danger of effacement for ever. He counted them over carefully, heaved a sigh of great relief, and said :

"They're all here."

Then it occurred to him to examine himself.

"So am I," he added. "And thank you very much. It's gettin' absent-minded through readin' the paper. 'Tween Kensin'ton High Street to Mansion House I could *usually* sleep and wake up regular—on the old Underground in the days when the firm provided me with a second-class season, and we trundled along in the oily dark behind a tank engine. Now this electric business has upset my calculations. It was a long while before I could doze at all, bein' inconvenienced by strap-hangers and the clangin' of the doors. Now I often oversleep it. . . . (Season, hang you ! Don't you know *my* dial by now, Percival?) . . . Consequently I have to make a dive for it, reachin' the projectin' board just as the doors close behind me. Hence this little accident. . . . Thank heaven, here's a breath of air again. You crossin' this street, too? *Can* I direct you to London Wall? *With* pleasure, my dear boy ! I'm callin' at one or two little places *en route*, but I shall get there sooner than you could conduct yourself, I'll bet ! (Mornin', Bobby !) I see that chap every mornin' when he's fixed on that point. . . . Look out for that 'bus. Ah, here we are ! Quite safe, you see !''

He had rushed me over the dangerous crossing that leads in a traffic-choked oblique line from the Mansion House Station Corner to Red Lion Street, which turns off Cannon Street.

"My name? Oh, call me 'Bangalore Limited.' 'Jimmy Smith' would seem strange in these days after nine bloomin' years on the City in the firm's interest, and, incidentally, my livin's. Funny job, mine. I'm a City matcher. My job's to match, and not trouble about personalities. This way."

We were in Watling Street. He pushed open a swing-door, and we entered into a musty-smelling warehouse, where a shirt-sleeved young man gave us a cheery "Hullo, Bangalore !" and asked most impolitely (I thought) what the deuce he could have the agony of doing for us. This was a leading ribbon house, and there were small towers of ribbon of all colours and breadths extending to the ceiling.

"Bangalore" threw down the red-lettered slip whereon were some weird characters totally illegible to my untutored eye. Also, there was a scrap of ribbon of the shade known professionally, I discovered, as "mandarin blue" pinned to the order form. The terse-vocabularied young man wasted but little time. He seized a small ladder, gave one leap up its worn rungs, and snatched a roll of ribbon from beneath the upper storeys of a tower. He did it so quickly that the upper storeys merely fell smartly into the eliminated roll's place without as much as threatening to tumble on to the floor.

"Won't do," said "Bangalore Limited." (In my opinion it was the exact counterpart.)

The warehouseman "did it in three," which "Bangalore Limited" said was "not bad for *him*," and out we went again.

"Bangalore Limited" had his orders arranged in rotation, so that not a step did he waste. The entrances to famous mercantile houses in Bread Street swallowed us, and "Bangalore" led me through labyrinths of wondrous uncarpeted rooms which contained boxes full of varied arrays of different classes of articles. In one room there were sunshades on all sides ; another scintillated with cards full of jet "ornaments" ; yet a third had an aroma which spoke very plainly of the rolls of calico it contained.

My friend being among other things the matcher for the haberdashery department of Bangalore's Limited, stopped only in the jet ornaments room. He failed in two houses to get exactly what he required, but the third, as he put it, was "lucky." He "did" the three inside two and a half minutes.

"Got nothing nearer than that?"

"No."

"That's no bloomin' use. Good mornin'."

"Mornin', Bangalore."

Then the boxes were noisily closed up as we departed.

By the time we were ready to cross Cheapside I was breathless and not a little dizzy. The labyrinths of "departments" had got to whirling in my brain. Thank heaven, here at last was a *street*—the workings of which I could grasp !

But again Bangalore adopted the *rôle* of the genie of "The Brass Bottle." It was quite amazing to find that, with Bangalore's hand grasping my sleeve, I had navigated the tide of traffic, that clattered and hummed along both sides of the public way, without mishap ! I stood on the corner of Wood Street and insisted on standing still for a brief moment.

"It's all right—we shall have to wait a second at the next house, as it's not on my way back, so I shall take *that* 'line.'"

The "line," I discovered, was a packet of silken hose, easy to obtain because it had its trade letter and number.

"Bangalore" entered a lofty apartment, yelled his order across space, adding, "Take it now !" and then we went down in the goods-lift to the basement, where my friend called out over the heads of a score of his kind :

"Line for Bangalore !"

"Righto !"

He signed a blot-bedecked book, deftly caught the package, threw it into a bag, and we emerged into daylight from the basement's back way.

The glove house we visited next was less of a seething pandemonium than the basement we had vacated. Here, while waiting for the "line" (this term applies to all goods), Bangalore found time to beat the apprentice, who was playing an invigorating game called "push 'apenny" on the long, polished counter, in the absence of the department's head man.

The apprentice paid over the staked penny which he had lost, and "Bangalore Limited" made his exit, bearing in his bag a pair of English-made real reindeer gloves, "size six to fit a bloomin' Contessa."

From the buyer of one of the departments in Bangalore's he had a "big line" for a small but famous Swiss house that specialises in silken underwear. Quite as his right, he pocketed the half-crown the little foreigner offered—it seemed—for the *honour* of his acceptance.

"Might have taken the order over the wa... Little Heinrich always gives me my regular... Pays for an extra coffee all the week at the A.B.C. I can usually do with it after touring *this* show. They're blighters if you like *here*."

Upon his word we entered one of the greatest wholesale houses in Wood Street, which is also to say in London, which in its turn means in the world. They *were* "blighters" in that show. When we had stepped out of the crazy wooden lift—one of a string of similar little kennels that were continually rising slowly through an aperture in the floor by the wall—it took "Bangalore" quite five minutes to obtain what he wanted and another three before it was received into the capacious maw of the ever-ready bag.

Two seconds later "Bangalore Limited" bade me farewell upon the steps of a wholesale imitation flower shop.

"Yes, this is London Wall," he said, "and ... I know it. See that God-forsaken German show over the way with the crack-jaw name? Well, once I had to carry a stinkin' little sewin' machine (they weigh a bit, I can tell you) right from there to Mansion House bloomin' station. No ; you're right. It's not *all* sport bein' on the City !"

CARE OF THE NAILS.

To the average cleanly man it is a distressing fact that his nails get so dirty.

The business man who habitually uses a pen, whether a fountain or otherwise, knows how the ink manages to find its way between the nails and the flesh of the finger, and thus gives one the "mourning" appearance which is so deplorable. And anybody who has manipulated one of the many letter-copying machines on the market will know what a dirty job that is.

No matter how energetically one scrapes away with a pen-knife at one's nails, the ink will not come off ; and one has despairingly to give up the attempt until the evening hours.

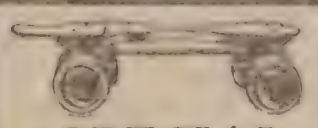
An idea which does not work badly in practice is to wear the fingers of an old pair of white kid gloves when performing operations of an inky character.

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENTS.

No doubt we all of us experience moments when the ever-present posters on the walls of the big cities nauseate us.

An objectionable-looking boy with a wide-open mouth, exclaiming that he knows what he wants for a birthday present, makes you hope for the moment that he won't get it ; and the person or gentleman who points an incriminating forefinger at you from the hoarding and inquires whether *you* have used some patent sticking-plaster makes you register an inward vow that you never will.

But a welcome innovation has been inaugurated in the advertising world of late. Artists have begun to make a special appeal to sportsmen in the matter of advertisements. A well-known instance is the old-fashioned cricketer who represents a certain brand of whiskey. He is a cheery, genial-looking being ; and he certainly makes a far stronger appeal than many another type of pictorial advertisement.



Rinking.

SPECIAL OFFER !!

As a Special Offer to the readers of "Modern Man" we will for P.O. **18/9** send, carriage paid, a pair of

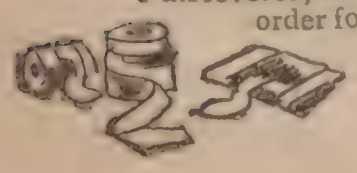
WOLF RACING SKATES

Shop price, **21/-**.

State size of boot. Will replace if found defective.

Send for Illustrated List, post free.

NORFOLK, 7, Temple Lane, E.C.



BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. B. (Brierfield).—To secure that marvellously glossy surface that one observes on the leggings of chauffeurs, it is necessary first of all to remove every spot of mud, and then, when the leggings are thoroughly dry, to rub into them plenty of polish. If you have so far failed to get the right result, it is probably because you have carelessly rubbed the polish over tiny spots of mud.

A. T. (Maryhill Barracks, Glasgow).—Glad to know that you and your comrades appreciate our support of the Services. You say we "try to make the British public understand that soldiers are human beings, and entitled to be treated as such." We had supposed that all prejudice against soldiers had long since died out. So far as our opinion goes, we consider that a soldier is as good as any man, and in most cases a lot better than the average.

J. C. (Plumstead).—You ask us to tell you where you can get a decent pair of field-glasses at a moderate price. The obvious answer is that you should advertise in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page.

B. J. G. (Leytonstone).—You are one of many to congratulate us on the tribute paid to the memory of your dear old Sergeant-Major in the sketch "This was a man." It is satisfactory to think that there are many others like him still left with us.

W. C. (Langport).—It would be practically out of the question for you, living in Somerset, to join the Rough Riders or the London Scottish. Why not join your local Yeomanry? They are capital men, and we have many friends amongst them.

A. T. (Durham).—If you do not wish to go to expense in exploiting the ointment of which you have a recipe, your best plan is to keep its composition a secret and to advertise it, at first on a small scale. If you find that the public wants it, it will then be time enough for you to blossom out as a big advertiser, and you can then register a trade mark, and so forth. It is doubtful, however, whether there is money to be made in this line now, for there are so many good ointments on the market that the public is slow to take up a new one.

R. J. D. (Treherbert).—You can easily arrange with a local jobmaster to supply you with a horse for your drills and for camp for less than the allowance made to you by the authorities.

R. W. STUBBS, 7, Scott Street, York, is the organising secretary of a new sporting club in that city. We have gladly given him permission to call it THE MODERN MAN Club, and we advise our readers in York to communicate with him as becoming members.

R. S. (Sydney, N.S.W.).—We are glad to know that your membership of the League has been the means of finding you friends even in your out-of-the-way part of the world.

C. B. (London, W.).—You should write to Messrs. Elliman, the embrocation people, at Slough, for their book on horses and dogs. It is one of the best published. They give it away in exchange for one of the coupons accompanying their bottles of embrocation.

R. L. (Croydon).—It is not advisable to take your most expensive maps with you during walking or cycling tours, long or short. They are apt to get soiled, torn, and, worse than all, lost. All the well-known map-selling firms have inexpensive and yet accurate map sheets which serve the purpose just as well.

C. S. (Whitstable).—The best travelling cases obtainable are the flat cases made of brown or black leather; they are very handy for carrying.

D. A. R. (Holyport).—You say you are a man of rather stout build, and you want to have an overcoat lined with fur. Under such circumstances we should not advise you to have one, as they are only suitable for men of fairly slight build.

NOT YOUR DAY OUT

CAUSES OF LOSS OF FORM

Every games-player knows what it is to go right off his game, and a very disagreeable experience it is.

The attack usually comes on suddenly, often when you have been in your best form, and it may be short and sharp, or it may last so long that you despair of ever being able to play a decent game again.

The symptoms are well-known: you keep on just missing shots, strokes that yesterday were easy to-day bristle with difficulties, you are nervous and have no confidence, and, unkindest cut of all, the Fates seem to be dead against you. It is *not* your day out, nothing "comes off" for you, everything comes off for your opponent, or at least so you think, for the man who is out of form is apt to take a jaundiced and prejudiced view of things, and to accuse his opponent of having all the luck when he is merely having his fair share of the chances of the game.

Just as the betting booby in the excitement of a win forgets the many times he lost, so the man who finds the balls "running unkindly" for him is apt to forget the occasions when everything went his way.

In any game there is a certain amount of luck. Even for a Stevenson the billiard balls will sometimes run badly; a J. H. Taylor may have a succession of bad "lies," or have a splendid shot spoilt by an unlucky kick on the green. One day your putts will all go down, the next day they will all hang on the lip of the hole or go in only, as it seems, deliberately to jump out again.

OFF DAYS.

There are days when you appear to be pursued and persecuted by some malignant demon. These days usually synchronise with complete loss of form. You can't hit a ball, and to the vexation of this is added the exasperation of bad luck.

Well, it may be that the bad luck you must have sooner or later in any game just happens to coincide with your loss of form, but I am inclined to think that the so-called bad luck is often the result of bad play.

Of course, it looks devilish unlucky when time after time your ball hangs in the jaws of a pocket, or you miss difficult cannons by a hair's-breadth; when you find every condemned bunker on the course, and see in the most unlucky fashion your ball just failing to clear the bank or just trickling into the pit; when your best serves and returns at tennis just catch the top of the net, or are out of bounds by inches—well, of course, it does seem rotten luck, but, as a matter of fact, if you had played the shots correctly you would have made them.

BAD LUCK OR BAD PLAY?

The truth is that you are out of form; your mistakes make you nervous, you begin to "press," as golfers have it, and you end by missing everything, and pity yourself as the victim of undeserved misfortune, when really your "bad luck" is the result of your own bad play.

But what are the causes of loss of form? Most people would reply ill-health, or being out of sorts. Well, the man who is more or less seedy is not likely to show his best form, though it is a fact that many men give of their best when a trifle under par. Of course, such a man does not play better than usual because he is not quite fit, but because, feeling a bit "off," he takes extra pains.

However, seediness is a very general cause of loss of form, and so, too, is the staleness that comes of playing too much; but I am thinking of some causes of loss of form which are not so obvious.

At present I am right off billiards—have been for weeks—and very much doubt whether I shall ever play a decent game again. Yet I am in good health, have certainly not been playing too much, but I can't make the plainest half-ball losing-hazard, or the simplest of cannons. Why? Well, I'll tell you.

Like many men I "picked up" my billiards, never had a lesson in my life, or studied a book on the game. I am not a first-class player by a long chalk, though I am, or rather was, good for a 50 break when the balls ran kindly.

In an evil moment I began reading a series of articles on billiards. They taught me much I didn't know—and they ruined my game. I played a natural game of billiards; never bothered about how I held my cue, or stood, or took aim. These articles told me that I must hold my cue this way; that I must stand in such-and-such a position; that I must strike my ball in such-and-such a fashion; that I must aim at such-and-such a point on the object ball.

PLAYING BY THE BOOK.

The next time I played billiards I remembered what I had read, and began, so to speak, looking at myself, to see if I were doing the correct thing. From that moment my natural game was gone. I have become self-conscious, the attention that should be concentrated on the stroke is diverted to the correctness of my stance, bridge, and aim, and I can't hit a ball.

I am not decrying the value of text books on games, but they should be studied when you are learning a game, not when, for good or ill, you have developed your own game.

I am convinced that lots of men, who, like myself, have "picked up" a game, lose their form more or less permanently by studying the theory of the game late in life, and attempting to graft "classic" methods on to their natural and by no means classic style.

NEVER MIND THE FIGURES.

Then many men lose their form through a too great fondness for figures. They keep painstaking records of their performances, and are always trying to better them. It is a good thing to play to the score, but it is a bad thing to be always playing against yourself, for that simply means that you have two opponents instead of one.

A man's best break at billiards, we'll say, is 37. Well, if he is one of these record-loving statisticians, the next time he gets to, say, 30 he begins to think of his chances of breaking his record; he cannot properly concentrate his attention on the stroke; he is nervous and excited about his chances; he fails, is sick with himself, and has himself put himself "off his game."

This sort of thing is simply self-consciousness in another form, and I am convinced that self-consciousness is in many cases the cause of seemingly inexplicable loss of form. D. B. MACONOCHIE.

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE HANDY SAFETY-PIN.

A simple precaution which may sometimes be the means of saving much discomfort or annoyance is to keep a couple of safety-pins — a black and a white one—fixed in the under side of the lapel of each of your coats.

There are occasionally times when some part of your clothing gets torn when you are unable to get it repaired at once. Or the lining of a pocket may get worn through, and the pocket is put out of action, whereas a safety-pin might be able to repair the damage temporarily.

The tip is an obvious one, but it is remarkable how few men can produce a safety-pin, or even an ordinary pin, in time of need.

The pins may not be required once in a month, but having once put them in your coat, they are always there and ready for emergencies.

THE WAISTCOAT OF 1910.

For the last year or two the size of the opening of the waistcoat has been growing larger. It is not so very long ago since it reached "high-water mark" and only just allowed space for the tie, the shirt-front being completely hidden.

But the swing of the pendulum that exists in matters of fashion as well as of politics has again asserted itself, and the low-cut opening is becoming once more fashionable.

The single-breasted no-collar waistcoat has given place to the double-breasted garment with a low-rolled collar with lapels, almost identical in style to that which was in fashion ten years or more ago.

The low-cut style is especially in favour for fancy vests and for summer wear, and the high-cut waistcoat will probably be the exception rather than the rule in 1910.

A large opening, however, is not altogether desirable from some points of view. It gives a man an opportunity for the display of his taste in shirts, but it leaves the chest with scant protection, which renders it rather unsuitable for winter wear, and, moreover, it does not give the look of development and muscle to the chest and shoulders that a high waistcoat can give.

It requires, also, more skill in the fitting, to prevent its bulging in front, as a dress waistcoat is liable to do. But in spite of these drawbacks it is undoubtedly gaining favour, and if Fashion decrees it, the man who aspires to be well dressed must bow to her dictates, unless he is one of those fortunate people who can carry off anything, and on whom such details do not seem to matter, provided that in the main essentials his clothes are well cut and correct.

CONVERTING SHIRTS.

Everybody who is in the habit of wearing shirts with starched cuffs knows how rapidly the cuffs wear out at the edge. In fact, it is safe to say that in almost every case the cuffs become disreputable long before the shirt has begun to show signs of wear in any other part.

A friend of mine, who turns himself out remarkably well at a minimum of cost, and who is the happy possessor of, or rather inventor of, many useful tips, recently put me up to a good wheeze in this connection.

It was simply that when a shirt has ceased to be presentable with starched cuffs you may convert it into one of the soft-cuff variety.

The man who has a sister, a wife, or a sweetheart to do these little jobs for him, will have no trouble; but even the unfortunate bachelor can do the thing for himself if he follows the method adopted by my friend; and in any case the hints I am about to give will be useful to show to the lady who does the job for you, if you are fortunate enough to possess such welcome assistance.

First and foremost it is necessary to soak the cuffs of the shirt all night in water, and then to scrub them thoroughly with a nail-brush and soap, so as to get all the starch out of them.

Then, if you double back the cuff, making a crease about half way down the part that was originally starched, you will find that you have a cuff similar in most respects to the double cuffs that adorn ordinary soft and flannel shirts.

Instead of there being four button-holes in the cuff, however, you will only have two, and it will be necessary for you to have two others cut and stitched. The cuffs must, of course, be thoroughly dry before this operation takes place; and when the shirt is washed and ironed, and the cuff doubled back in the manner I have described, you will have exposed at the edge of your coat sleeve a perfectly presentable surface instead of a frayed, hard edge.

For wearing with lounge suits at the present time soft cuffs are every bit as correct as starched ones.

LENGTHENING THE SLEEVES.

There is one further tip that I must give you, and that is that in many cases you will find that the alteration made to your cuff now draws it back too far, so that one sees inside your coat sleeve a bit of the tailor's lining.

If this happens, it will be necessary for you to have the sleeve lengthened, and this is best done by inserting a band in the middle of the sleeve, just above the elbow, and about an inch or an inch and a half wide.

It does not matter what pattern of shirting is used for this purpose, as nobody sees it.

A WAISTCOAT TIP.

The modern waistcoat is considerably longer than that of a few years ago, and is in some ways a more shapely garment, with its long points in front—another return, by the way, to eighteenth-century fashion.

But there is one small point which it is important to observe when ordering or fitting-on a suit, and that is that the waistcoat should be slit at the sides over the hips.

Many tailors omit to do this, as it involves a little more trouble; but it is worth while insisting on it, or if you have inadvertently bought a waistcoat that is not so slit, getting it done for you at home.

The waistcoat often comes slightly below the top of the hip-bone at the sides, and the result is that if it is not slit for about a couple of inches up the side-seams it will crease across the front and lose its shape—especially if a watch, a match-box, or similar articles be carried in the lower pockets.

THE NEXT CHANGE IN COATS?

I cannot help thinking that one of the next changes in the fashion of men's attire will be the adoption, in a modified form, perhaps, of the tunic coat.

Of its smartness there is no doubt. Practically all our military uniforms—at least, as far as full dress and walking-out dress are concerned—are cut on these lines, and when it is desired to fit out an attendant at any public place particularly smartly, his uniform almost invariably includes a tunic.

The main difference in the cut, as far as it strikes the eye of the casual observer with no technical knowledge of tailoring, is that the collar is erect and is not turned back.

This is no doubt a survival of an older fashion when ordinary civilian clothes were cut on this plan. A similar survival is to be found in the stripes on the soldier's trousers, which date from the time when such stripes were worn in civilian dress also. This fashion that has remained unaltered in military dress has recently returned for civilian evening dress, so there is every possibility of the tunic collar coming back, too.

The clergy have never discarded it, and still wear a single erect coat-collar, instead of a turned-down double one.

I do not suppose that men will ever discard the bit of white linen that they wear round their necks, which causes them so much discomfort, trouble, and expense, but if only a quarter of an inch of collar were shown, as in an officer's uniform, the saving in laundry and outfitter's bills would be enormous.

Already the tunic coat is worn by many men for purposes of sport—for shooting, and so on—but it still has a pseudo-military air about it, which deters many from adopting it, but it may not be long before it comes into more general use.

OVERLAPPING SEAMS.

A small point which it is worth while mentioning when you are having breeches or trousers made for you is the nature of the seam down the outside of the leg.

Many tailors, if not specially requested to the contrary, will simply make a smooth and almost invisible seam, but in the case of some materials, especially dark ones, an overlapping seam looks better—that is to say, one in which the front side slightly overlaps the other, so as to give a kind of impression of a piping down the sides.

This is especially suitable for a man whose legs are rather long, though a short man would be well advised to avoid such a seam, and also not to have braid stripes on his dress trousers.

Breeches cut with an overlapping seam usually look much smarter than those without, especially if the material is a plain cord or twill. Breeches can, not, of course, be creased down the front as trousers can, and the overlapping seam appears to take the place of the trouser crease, though at the side.

RENEWING A BOWLER.

You may brush a bowler as much as you like, and you may even sponge it occasionally, but there will still remain in its surface a certain amount of dust, and so long as that dust is there in any appreciable quantity, your bowler will have a greyish appearance and will lack that rich black lustre which is the pride of the man who has just emerged from a hatter's shop.

Men who wear silk hats habitually find it necessary to have them ironed from time to time, but the average wearer of a bowler is much less attentive to his headgear. Usually an occasional whisk of a brush is all the attention he bestows upon it; it gets more and more disreputable, till at last, finding that it looks really shabby, he presents it to the dustman and buys himself a new one.

His hat bill, under such circumstances, amounts to a considerable sum in the course of a year if he wears a bowler every day, but he could save himself a good deal of this expense, besides adding to the smartness of his appearance, if he would occasionally take his bowler to a hatter to be done up.

In most cases the hatter will place the bowler upon a machine, and by means of a treadle he will revolve it at a very rapid pace. He then places a hard-bristled brush artistically against the crown of the bowler, and the cloud of dust that comes out of it makes the owner feel that he has been extremely negligent in the use of his hat-brush.

From the crown, the brush is brought gradually down the side of the revolving hat, until it reaches the ribbon and the groove above the rim. From each crevice it brings forth the dust, and at the end of the process the hat looks almost as black and as glossy as it did when it was bought.

Another thing to look to when cleaning a bowler, especially if it is not an expensive one, is to press the binding of the brim into place. The stitches almost invariably give a little on the outside and show the cotton.

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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Wanted, evening-dress suit, in good condition; fit slim man, 5ft. 5in.; must be cheap.—Box 1831, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Good pair of riding breeches wanted, must be best make and in good condition.—Box 1843, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Boots, new, unable to wear; cost 15s.—Box 1842, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, a tent suitable for camping out, to hold three. State terms for hire or cash.—Box 1830, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair gent.'s Phillips's adjustable skates, excellent condition; exchange for boxing gloves or best offer.—Box 1835, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, punching-ball on stand; cheap.—Apply L., 69, Jamaica Road, Bermondsey.

Boxing gloves, 2 pairs, never used; what offers?—Box 1844, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, 6ft. 6in. by 3ft. 6in., cues, score board, everything; £5 10s., or part exchange.—Box 1845, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Webley Scott's magazine pistol; pigskin case; nearly new; 45s. or near offer.—Box 1839, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Roller Skates see Norfolk's advt., page 22.

MUSIC.

Will sacrifice highest grade zither banjo and case, with Roger head, modern improvements, suit expert player, 60s.—Box 1846, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clarionet, B flat, Albert, approved Lazarus; offers.—Box 1847, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Boehm flute, cheap.—Box 1848, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Ideal Home (not lonely "digs") for M.M.; bright, sociable, convenient; 20 mins. City; parties.—Mundy, 12, New Union Street, E.C.

Gentleman wants apartments, with full board, on farm where rough shooting and riding can be had.—Apply in first case T. H., Box 1849, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Good second-hand Hearson's Incubator (No. 1), and Rearer; £2.—Wadsworth, Newcliffe, Thurlstone, Yorkshire.

Sell Breeding Pen modern black red game bantams, cock and four pullets, three winners; take £2.—Box 1840, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, foster-mother, 100 chicks, complete, and in thorough repair; Hearson's preferred.—Box 1850, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Set harness, also gig lamps; both new; accept £6. Owner going abroad.—Box 1832, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's pigskin saddle, girths, and nickel stirrups, practically new, best maker; cost 7gs., price 70s.—Box 1851, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The powder for horses.—Gentleman, who has used same for years, will send sample tin for 7d. post free; keeps horses fit, and coats shine like silk.—Box 1852, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Mowing machine, Ransome's 16in. Automaton, sale or exchange.—Box 1853, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, lawn mower, about 12in., and roller (light); also gardening tools.—Box 1854, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Royal Enfield cycle, oil-bath, roller levers, splendid condition, £3 5s.—Box 1838, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's Lea and Francis bicycle; state maker's number and particulars.—Box 1855, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 24in. cycle, B.S.A. wheels, new tyres and tube, Brook's saddle, one spare tyre; lowest 42s.—Box 1856, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Grand liver Spaniel dog, 9 months, partly broken, retrieve, splendid guard and companion.—Box 1857, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Dog Cakes, see Molassine advt., page 19.

Two beautiful King Charles ruby bitches, over distemper; 30s. and 35s. each.—Box 1858, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted Bulldog pup, cheap, or Pomeranian, or exchange for No. 3 rook rifle.—Box 1859, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, stand camera, 5in. by 4in., outfit, good condition and moderate price.—Box 1834, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Quarter-plate camera, wooden tripod, expanding front, bulb action, four double slides; exchange for mandoline, banjo, or English concertina.—Finlayson, 1, Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh.

Bargain, Half-plate Triple Extension Camera, Beck symmetrical lens, 3 double slides; 50s., cost 90s., approval.—Box 1841, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 18.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Cassell's History of England," Empire Edition, 86 parts, complete; offers, or exchange first year's numbers "Modern Man." Offers.—Box 1837, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cassell's Popular Educator, new; Pitman's Shorthand, Typewriter Manual. Offers please.—Box 1860, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

MEDICAL, &c.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Moustache and whiskers producer; worth a trial; recipe for 1s. P.O.—Box 1834, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 1801, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boot, wood, and metal polishers, recipe 6d. P.O.—Apply Box 1836, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Do you suffer from stitch? Send P.O. 1s. to T. A. Keatley, Fernhill Heath, near Worcester, for certain cure.

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